

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

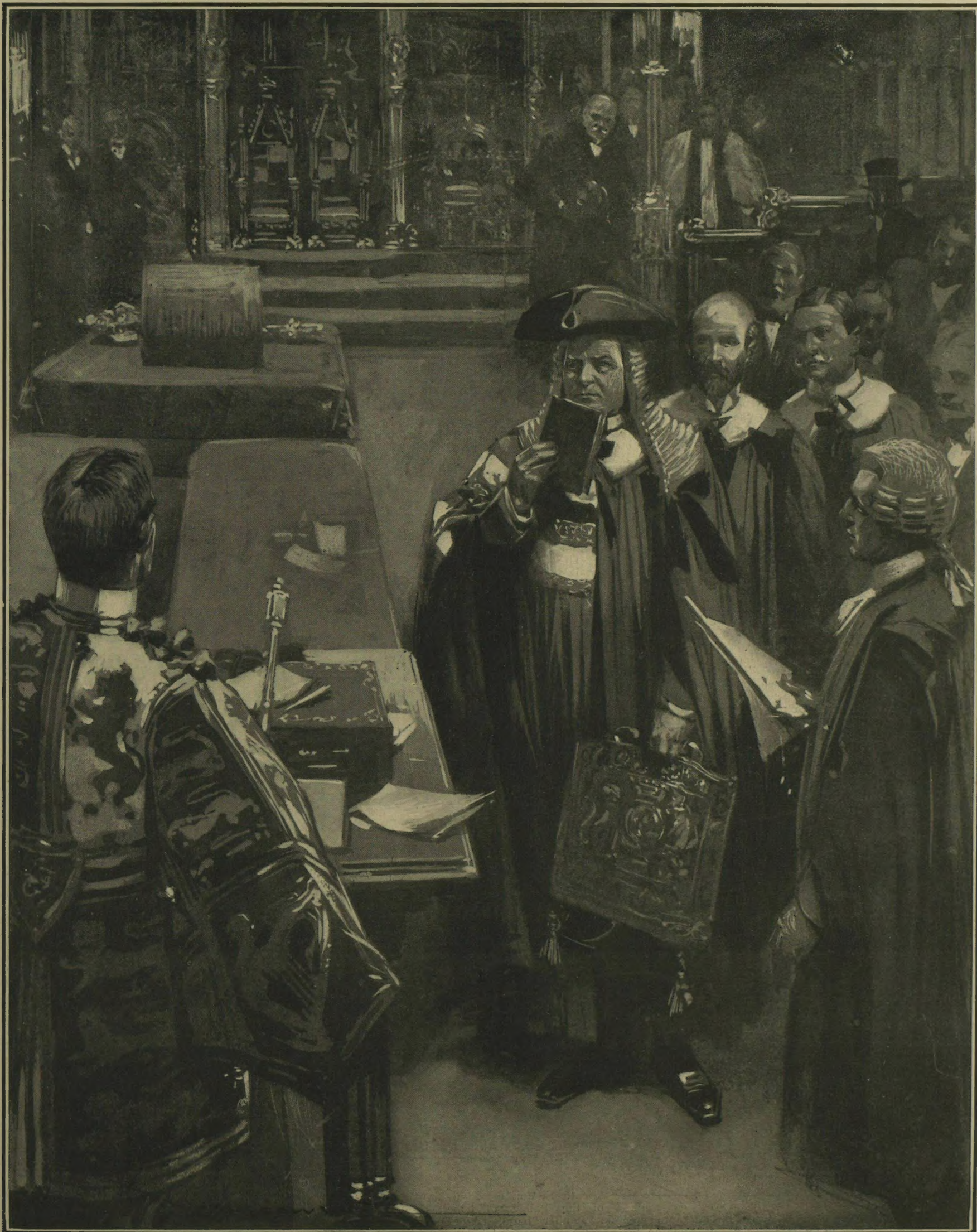
REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3487.—VOL. CXXVIII.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1906.

SIXPENCE.

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Lord Chancellor. Lord Tweedmouth.

INSTALLING THE CHIEF LAW-OFFICER OF THE REALM: SWEARING-IN THE NEW LORD CHANCELLOR.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

On the assembling of the House of Lords on February 13, Sir Robert Reid (now Lord Loreburn), the new Lord Chancellor, received his patent of nobility, advanced to the throne, laid the scroll thereon, and knelt. He then, escorted by his sponsors, Lords Tweedmouth and Macnaghten, went down to the table, took the oath, and subscribed the roll. Next he put on his hat, took a seat below the gangway, on the back Opposition bench, rose and bowed three times to the throne, and repeated the ceremony from the front Opposition bench.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I THINK the mass of our people misunderstand the French religious riots. I do not think they can be blamed for this; for the French religious riot of this type is not at all an English thing. We do not have such religious riots, partly because we are not so riotous and partly because we are not so religious. Perhaps the first step towards understanding this French riot is to realise that it is more like an Irish riot. But then the pathetic reflection crosses my mind that we do not understand an Irish riot either. This is proved by the fact that we have made more or less equal fools of ourselves in suppressing it and in leaving it alone. But the real thing that has to be explained about a French riot or an Irish riot is rather a curious one; at least, it is a curious one from the point of view of an ordinary elephantine Englishman as I am, thank God. The point, I think, is this. We in England always have the idea that if a thing is solemn you have to be solemn about it, and that if a thing is frivolous you have to be frivolous about it. Thus, for instance, the Englishman is a nightmare of rowdiness on Bank Holiday and a nightmare of solemnity on the Sabbath. But the Irish feeling and the French feeling is, that if you have really got something serious you ought to dance a breakdown about it. The more sane and certain is your belief, the more insane and impetuous should be your behaviour. Other people may naturally be decorous and respectable; it is proper that other people should be quiet and careful of their behaviour. For other people are wrong. But you can safely be preposterous; for you are right. The Englishman when he has found a sovereign dances about and goes on the randan. A Frenchman or Irishman when he has found a philosophic truth, dances about and goes on the randan. Truth intoxicates them like a new wine.

This has always been our difficulty in the matter of Ireland. Because Irishmen made their acts unreasonable, we have always supposed that they really thought their cause unreasonable. The fact is that it was the extreme reasonableness (in their eyes) of their cause which inspired and energised them for the unreasonableness of their conduct. They could not have been so hilarious about anything they did not believe in. They could not have been so unreasonable on behalf of anything but pure reason. We have made the mistake of imagining that because their acts were wild their purpose was weak. How untrue that is anybody can see by studying the electoral map of Ireland and remarking what is unchangeable through all our English changes. But much the same difficulty which we have about the Irish fight we have about the French fight. Because they fight furiously and fantastically, we fancy they are fighting about nothing. Because they make fools of themselves, we fancy it is not a serious matter. The truth is that Frenchmen never do make fools of themselves except about a serious matter.

When these Celts or Catholics (or however you choose to generalise or explain them), whenever they see somebody or something that might some day annoy them, they go out to meet it. Just as an Englishman seizes on opportunities to please the landlord or tax-collector, they seize on opportunities to irritate them. They do not really say to themselves, "Here is an enormous attack upon us." They rather say, "Here is an enormous chance for an attack upon them." The French Catholics who defended the French churches did not really say to themselves "Here is a great blow struck against the Catholic Church." What they really said was "Here is the chance of a great blow struck for the Catholic Church." Just in the same way when the Irish patriot paints his own name over his own shop in unintelligible Erse. He is not in the least driven, as the English Passive Resisters declare that they are driven, to this extreme course as a moral necessity, a cul-de-sac of the conscience. He is not driven to make a protest. He jumps at the chance of making a protest. He lies awake at night inventing occasions to make a protest. All this is sufficiently evident to an averagely acute English mind. But the big English blunder remains. It is that we fancy that these people are not serious. We have paid for that fancy by a thousand defeats. These people may be right or wrong; but it is because they are so serious that they are so skylarking. For there is only one way of being exuberant, and that is to be happy. And there is only one way of being happy, and that is to be seriously convinced.

It is to me a matter of some amusement and mental pleasure that just about the time when people were (I suppose) discovering the unknown Turners, the Thames near Battersea really caught fire. Turner was typically the artist who set the Thames on fire. He did it metaphorically in his fame: he also did it literally in his pictures. The whole aim of his most immense canvases was to make water burn; to make water scorch the eye, like solid strips of sunshine. He has painted seas in connection with which one can only recall the enormous expression in the Book of Job—"He makes the sea to boil like a pot." A definite sensation of heat and fire goes forth from those furious seascapes. The sensation of the sea's natural coolness is entirely lost. If the waves are blue, they are blue fire. If the foam is white, it is white hot. And, as I have said, it is singular that a resurrection of his pictures synchronised with a great aquatic miracle. Somebody really did set the Thames on fire. The floods of some oils loosened on the elder flood caught fire and gave an impression as if water had been turned into flame. One at least of the old prophetic impossibilities has been fulfilled. We have not always been able to fulfil the things our fathers considered certain. But at least we have fulfilled some things that they considered impossible. A breed of flying pigs should be the next.

THE PLEASURE-GALLEYS OF THE CAESARS.

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS.)

THE curiosity of archæologists has long been piqued by the knowledge that at the bottom of Lake Nemi, the beautiful "Mirror of Diana" among the Alban Hills, lie the pleasure-galleys of Tiberius and Caligula, and since the Middle Ages the calm of the waters has from time to time been ruffled by seekers for relics of the Imperial splendour. The exquisite woods surrounding the lake still recall the time when Diana of the Groves (*Diana Nemorensis*, whence Nemi) was worshipped with strangely barbaric rites under their shadow. There the temple of the goddess was served by—

The priest who slew the slayer
And shall himself be slain,

for it was part of the ritual that each new priest should succeed to office by murdering his forerunner. The custom endured even to the time of the Empire. When Julius Cæsar, enchanted with the retreat, set the fashion of a villa on Lake Nemi, and later, when Tiberius and Caligula added new luxuries to this pastime, the primitive religion existed by the side of the gorgeous water-pageants with which the Cæsars beguiled their leisure. Their barges, crowned with temples and decorated with the last resources of art, afforded the most magnificent stage to these masters of spectacular effect.

The raising of these long-submerged galleys, often attempted, seems not impossible to modern engineering. In the fifteenth century Archbishop Leon Alberti made some attempts to recover the treasures, and in the following century Guglielmo di Lorena and the French engineer de Marchi went down in diving-bells to examine the vessels; and from de Marchi's descriptions of what he saw, a reconstruction of the pleasure-barge of Tiberius was made by a Flemish engraver. This engraving is reproduced among our diagrams.

With the recovery of stray relics the efforts of the Middle Ages seem to have ended, and it was not until 1895 that the work was again seriously undertaken by Signor Eliseo Borghi, who obtained permission from Prince Orsini, in whose estate Lake Nemi lies, to make a further examination of the galleys. With the aid of divers from Civita Vecchia, he located the galley of Caligula, and brought to the surface bronzes, pieces of terra-cotta, and remains of the structural parts of the barge. These are now in the Borghi Museum, and are shown in detail among our Illustrations. The Italian Government is to buy the collection for 23,000 francs. Signor Borghi refused an offer of 300,000 francs from the New York Museum.

Among the relics which Signor Borghi brought to light were several very beautiful heads of animals in bronze, holding in their mouths rings for mooring the vessel. He also recovered pieces of mosaic, with which the decks had been paved. These were in porphyry and serpentine, intermixed with coloured glass and enamelled by fusion. When these relics had been recovered, the Italian Minister of Public Instruction stopped the piecemeal raising of remains, and, with the support of the Naval Department, he instituted regular researches, in order that the galleys might, if possible, be brought ashore entire. The Government entrusted the work to Signor Vittorio Malfatti, Colonel of Naval Engineers, who made a complete survey of the galley. In his official report, Signor Malfatti says that the two vessels were found lying about 200 yards distant from each other at the north-west end of the lake. The galley of Tiberius lies at a depth of 36 ft., and the other at a depth of about 48 ft. The larger of the two, that of Tiberius, was 213 ft. long, and the smaller 192 ft. The hulls are covered with cloth, attached by a coating of pitch, and above this are many folds of thin sheet-lead, doubled over to a great thickness and fastened with copper nails. The ships are almost entire, and Signor Malfatti and Professor Emilio Giuria are now considering by what means they can best be recovered. Former experiments have shown that the attempt to raise the vessels by direct traction—that is, to pull them up vertically—would be impossible, as wood submerged for nearly two thousand years would never bear the strain. The superintendents of the work are therefore agreed that, if they are to recover the archæological treasures which they believe the ships contain, it will be necessary to drain Lake Nemi. Signor Malfatti proposes to make a new tunnel through which the lake is to be drained, but Professor Giuria would use the old Roman outfall, which is still in good working order. For this he will employ two powerful pumps, both suction and force, and he will carry the water in double pipes across the Valley of Ariccia, where it will drive an electric plant which in turn is to supply the energy for the pumps. Signor Malfatti, on the other hand, would make an entirely new tunnel and would partially flood the Valley of Ariccia. Once the water is sufficiently lowered for the barges to be reached, the next question is, how are they to be moved? Direct traction being impossible, Professor Giuria proposes to substitute oblique traction. He would first construct a long, smooth, wooden platform from the vessels to the shore. He would then build round each barge a skeleton cradle in iron with double runners, and thereby he believes he might bring the hulls to land without damage to the structure. The accounts of divers must, of course, be imperfect, but it would seem from the latest survey that it may still be possible to learn what the galleys were like. Signor Rossi, of the Italian Marine Electrical Staff, went down in diver's dress into Caligula's galley, and says that some of the apartments still remain, the partitions are intact, the mosaics uninjured, and there are traces of a colonnade in stone. He imagines that the upper deck overhung the sides of the ship to a considerable extent. Signor Mancini's wonderful reconstruction of the galley of Tiberius, which is reproduced in another page, is of course, largely imaginative, and is a more elaborate version of the sixteenth-century engraving made from the account of de Marchi, but it cannot exaggerate the splendour that must have adorned the pleasure-craft of the Cæsars.

SOME PERPLEXITIES OF NEW MEMBERS.

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS.)

SEEMING that about half of the members recently elected to the House of Commons have never sat in it before, there will for some time be unusual perplexity and confusion. As a rule, new-comers find practised men to "show them the ropes," but on this occasion it may often be a case of the ignorant teaching the ignorant. Out of the confusion a new order of customs may arise. Old traditions, tenacious as they are, may yield to the impulses of new men, breathing a new spirit.

One of the perplexities of novices will be to get into the House. At first, provided with the returning officer's warrant, they will have obvious credentials, but when they have given this up, how are hundreds of new figures to be recognised by the policemen and the attendants? No doubt all the officers will be provided with books of photographs. These they may scan furtively as an unfamiliar face appears. The police will be afraid to offend members with new-made honours by mistaking them for strangers. "Entrance opposite the Abbey," the officer at the door in Palace Yard may shout, and if the man whom he takes to be a stranger prove to be a member, he will perhaps become an enemy for life. Then there are the doorkeepers, and the policemen in the corridors, ready to bar the way at every point to interlopers. How is the perplexed Parliamentarian to convince them of his identity?

The hat is a terrible embarrassment. "Shall I leave it in the cloak-room?" asks the new member. If he leave it, he may be mistaken in the Lobby for one of the Whips, who are usually distinguished by their bare heads; moreover, he may catch a cold in the draughty corridors. If he wear it, what will he do with it in the House of Commons? When will he keep it on, and when take it off? There is no peg on which to hang it in the House. So he wears it as he listens to debate. When he rises to go out he forgets to take it off. A roar of "Order!" "Order!" is raised; the poor man is conscious that it is aimed at him; he removes the offending article, and his nerve is gone for the whole of his Parliamentary life.

A sudden shout, with the spectacle of hundreds of eyes turned towards the victim, is dreadfully upsetting. Old members take delight in raising it. Members may loiter beyond the bar—which is indicated merely by a line on the matting or carpet—but they must not stand within it, for then they are in the House proper and must proceed to their seats. Let them, as they stand at the bar listening to debate or waiting for a division, place a foot inside the mysterious line, and hundreds of voices will be raised in a shout of "Bar! Bar! Bar!" The poor offender wonders what he has done; his face becomes purple; the din grows louder; and at last a friend pushes him back.

The cry of "Order!" is shouted with most zest when a member steps between the Speaker and anyone who is addressing him. This is regarded as a very grave offence, but it is committed sometimes by the most punctilious person. He enters with dignity and advances to the gangway, without observing that a member below it is addressing the Chair. His colleagues watch him as he approaches, and just as he crosses the line of vision they shout "Order!" at the pitch of their voices. The poor man, in his bewilderment, halts, and continues his offence. Thereupon the shout is renewed, and is mixed with laughter as he hurriedly bobs down. Sometimes he darts forward or backward; sometimes he crouches on a step of the gangway, and his misery is increased by the giggle from the Ladies' Gallery. For one moment, at any rate, he wishes the House of Commons had never been invented, or that he had never aspired to Parliamentary honours.

Another perplexity of members arises in connection with their notes. They have been accustomed to speak from manuscript, but in the House of Commons they are not permitted to read their speeches. The management of their notes is therefore a delicate matter. Mr. Lloyd-George has been accustomed to place his on the elbow of the bench at the end of which he sits; Sir Charles Dilke has copious notes on small slips, which he holds in the palm of his hand, and each slip, as he disposes of it, he drops into his hat or tears into pieces. Some members write their speeches on sheets of note-paper, and endeavour to read them by rapid and frequent glances. This requires practice.

The most serious perplexities of the new member may arise in connection with the rules of debate. These are difficult to master. It is not in a week or a month that the ordinary member can acquire Parliamentese, or avoid what is irrelevant.

Very difficult is it to frame a supplementary question. The member wants to embody a statement in it; he is not allowed to make statements at question time; and some practice is required before he can contrive to conceal an argument under the guise of an innocent inquiry as to whether "the right honourable gentleman is aware that" so-and-so has been said or has happened.

Perhaps new members will be puzzled to know their way about. The House of Commons is a maze of corridors and lobbies and staircases which are bewildering to the stranger. They may also be perplexed in the dining-rooms. It is the custom of certain distinguished groups to sit at certain tables, and yet no privileges can be claimed. They are conceded only by courtesy. And what is the new Tory to say or do if he find himself opposite to Mr. John Burns, whom he denounced at election time; or if the new Radical find himself next to the dreaded Mr. Chamberlain in the smoking-room? Will he offer him a big cigar?

The perplexity which seems the worst at the moment is the inability of the nervous man to remember what he intended to say. But let him take courage. The House likes a man who at first is afraid of it. It is, after all, as generous and chivalrous an assembly as there is in the world. Frequently its shouts are merely the expression of high spirits.

THE ENGLISH CHARLOTTENBURG.

THE Sieges-Allee at Berlin is decorated with melodramatic figures of Prussian Kings. A more imaginative Kaiser would have told his sculptors rather to depict the English chemists whose ideas have been the foundation of German commercial prosperity. One might, for instance, suggest a statue to Dr. W. H. Perkin, who in 1856 demonstrated the practical process of the manufacture of mauve, the first of the aniline dyes, and whose idea generated an industry in which over £50,000,000 of German capital is invested. Another statue might represent Peregrine Phillips, who in 1831 discovered a method of making sulphuric acid, a method which several German companies with a million each of capital turn into dividends of twenty-five per cent. Professor Duncan, of Washington, has 'cutely remarked that "in Germany there is no tariff wall against English ideas."

The career of the industrial chemist in England has hitherto been not altogether alluring. If he is a pure scientist, he has so often seen his ideas appropriated by other nations. Such manufacturers as do welcome him condemn him to a species of luxurious obscurity. The chemist engaged in commercial industries is often paid as well as a famous professor, but his knowledge is so valued by his firm that he is condemned to a golden silence.

Yet to meet this German onslaught on our trade, something must be done, and at last a definite scheme has been put forward by the report of the Departmental Committee on the Royal College of Science. This advises the establishment at South Kensington of an Institution of Science and Technology, "where the highest specialised instruction should be given, and where the fullest equipment for the most advanced training and research should be provided in various branches of science, especially in its application to industry." Comprehensive as the scheme recommended may be, nothing could possibly equal the colossal inadequacy of our present training for the scientific warfare of modern trade. Here, for instance, are some figures—

Teaching staff at the Royal College of Science ..	30
" " Charlottenburg (Berlin) ..	402
" " all German Technical High Schools ..	1,137
Chemists engaged in British chemical industries ..	about 500
" " German ..	about 4,500
Exports of drugs and dyes from Germany (650 trained chemists in 1903) ..	£19,698,750
Exports of drugs and dyes from Britain (63 trained chemists in 1903) ..	£13,544,552

The way in which science, systematically applied, can revolutionise an industry is admirably illustrated by the history of trousers. Napoleon, with an eye to the picturesque, decided on red trousers for his soldiers, and encouraged the cultivation of the madder-root in France; £1,700,000 was the value of this industry till two German scientists made the same red from coal-tar. The madder-root has withered, and the French military trousers are now dyed in German red. Indigo is suffering the same fate, and our Indian planters are naturally changing colour. These industrial revolutions have been nearly all effected by the practical application on a gigantic scale of what chemists call catalysis. Catalysis is the mysterious process by which the mere presence of other bodies (such as platinum) renders insoluble bodies soluble and thereby useful for other purposes. A mild illustration of catalysis may be found in modern politics. How often have we seen an apparently insoluble Balfourite converted at a political meeting into an enthusiastically waving tariff-reformer by the mere presence of Mr. Chamberlain? And Mr. Chamberlain, like the platinum of these chemico-industrial processes, remains unmoved, identically the same.

The report of the Committee states that the extension of education proposed in the new scheme will not at present go much beyond the various branches of engineering, but, as a matter of fact, the immense success of German scientific industry has resolved itself largely into the overcoming of engineering problems. Facts of catalysis well known to chemists have cost in many cases millions before they could be carried into practical, commercial shape. The industrial chemist must know how to make his solutions not in test-tubes but by the ton. The utilisation of by-products can, as a rule, be effected only by extensive engineering. The science of technological chemistry requires the knowledge of costly machinery, and if the new Institution is to provide "the fullest equipment for the most advanced training and research," it must provide its students with an equipment at least as good as that of McGill University, Montreal.

Mr. Haldane and his fellow-members of the Committee hit the nail on the head when they state that the lack of advanced technological education is largely due to the insufficient appreciation, especially on the part of employers, of the value of such education. Manchester is the heart of the chemical industry, yet in 1904 only nine graduates from Manchester obtained appointments to chemical works. Compare with this the demand for graduates in the German industries. Compare, too, the haphazard contributions of our big capitalists to the cause of education with the £23,000,000 lavished between 1890-1901 on education by American millionaires.

The proposition of this new Institution comes at a happy time. The magnificent new buildings of the Royal College of Science are almost completed, with chemical laboratories which Professor Tilden has said will take their place among the most complete chemical institutions in the world. Although the details of the education by which this scientific equipment will be adapted to the needs of industry will be left to the new governing body, a sensible declaration has been made that we do not intend blindly to follow either German or American methods.

In one or two points it is especially unlikely that we shall follow the Germans. The elected head of the Technical School at Charlottenburg has the official title of "His Magnificency." If this example were followed at the new institution we should have very few English competitors for the post. L. M. G.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A GILDED FOOL" AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

SUCH entertainment as playgoers may derive at the Shaftesbury Theatre from sitting out the performance of Mr. H. G. Carleton's new comedy, in which Mr. Nat Goodwin has made his London *entrée*, will be found to depend not on any particularly humorous—let alone dramatic—qualities of the piece itself, but on the quaint and engaging personality of the popular American actor. "A Gilded Fool" is one of those old-fashioned one-part plays in which an eccentric character-type is surrounded by a set of shadowy puppets and is made the central figure of a preposterous story; and the author has shown himself so enamoured of sentimental claptrap, so fearful of touching the realities of life, so incapable of preserving psychological consistency in the one portrait on which he has taken pains, that not all Mr. Nat Goodwin's art can secure belief for a "fool" who is ready to be a reckless spendthrift in one act and in another becomes, out of love for an insipid girl, a match for the smartest financial roguery, and augments instead of losing his fortune. The whole transformation of the man is purely theatrical, just as his enemy is only our old friend, the stage villain. Even out of such poor material as Mr. Carleton provides him here Mr. Goodwin contrives to extract moments of unforced humour and quiet tenderness, but his supporters obtain the sorriest of opportunities. Miss Alexandra Carlisle, the representative of the hero's sweetheart, promises to make a welcome addition to our small band of *ingénues*; the villain's rôle falls naturally to Mr. Cooper Cliffe, who knows the stage villain's trade off by heart; and other prominent members of the cast with little to do are Mr. J. H. Barnes and Miss Jessie Bateman.

TWO NEW PLAYS AT THE COURT.

As we are never likely to hear of "A Question of Age" again, it would be a mistake to dwell on the faults of this vague, indeterminate, and unsuccessful play, which by some lapse of judgment those shrewd business men, Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, produced last week at a Court Theatre *matinée*. No doubt the author of the piece, Mr. Robert Vernon Harcourt, had the clearest intentions in his own mind when he sat down to write it; but the results of his labours quite bewildered and befogged his audience. What was the hero's own state of mind? Did he really love Olive, the milliner's assistant? Did he want to marry the rich middle-aged widow? What were Olive's feelings about him? What made the widow gratuitously offer to be his mistress? These were some of the puzzles over which Court playgoers racked their brains, getting no aid whatever from the playwright. The actors seemed no less perplexed than the audience as to Mr. Harcourt's meaning. Miss Fanny Brough could make little out of so inexplicable a person as the widow, nor could Miss Mabel Hackney throw any light on Olive's opinions. Happily, compensation for the baffling inconsequences of "A Question of Age" was afforded by a clever one-act sketch of low life, written by Mr. Frederick Fenn and entitled "The Convict on the Hearth." It showed the home-coming of a sullen young convict, hardened by our prison system and wrought to the last pitch of desperation. How his family behaved towards him, how a parson helped him to recover his self-respect—all this Mr. Fenn described with genial realism, helped not a little by Mr. Gwenn, whose impersonation of the convict was quite perfect.

"THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE" AT THE COURT.

So short a time has passed since Mr. Granville Barker's fine play, "The Voysey Inheritance," surprised and delighted a *matinée* audience at the Court that there is little need to speak of it in detail now that it has been placed into the evening bill at the same theatre. It should be enough to remind playgoers that here the author paints, in most careful and elaborate detail, an English middle-class family, and raises in such a setting a problem of commercial honesty. Certain changes have been made in what was from the first a strong cast, Mr. Granville Barker now taking up and making much of the part of the intransigent hero, and Mr. Fred Kerr replacing, and replacing well, Mr. A. E. George in the rôle of old Voysey, the outwardly respectable, inwardly non-moral solicitor.

A CONFERENCE IN DIFFICULTIES.

While we continue to receive regular official reports of the sittings of the Conference at Algeciras, it is clear that much remains unreported. Conferences between the statesmen most interested in the issues involved are of daily occurrence, and the Foreign Offices of Europe are kept very busy. At time of writing it is clear that the Envoys are unable to agree upon the dangerous question of police organisation at the Morocco ports, and it is said that Germany has declared her inability to permit France to monopolise the work, or even to share it with Spain. If no agreement should be arrived at upon this all-important matter, it is to be feared that the Conference will come to an unsatisfactory end. In that case the status established by the Madrid Convention of 1880 will remain, and there is little doubt but that Germany will remind the Moorish Court that the Kaiser is the proper protector of all Mohammed's followers. The failure of the Conference may be turned into a great diplomatic triumph for Germany, inasmuch as the facts can be perverted—that is, diplomatically explained to mean that all the Powers are anxious to break up Morocco, and that Germany stood between them and their prey. To Great Britain and France, concerned as they are with the administration of great Mohammedan territories, such misrepresentation might well have very serious disadvantages; but, after all, we must be content if the Conference should prove merely abortive. The pessimists said it would end in smoke.

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The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Twenty-Seven (from July 1 to December 31, 1905) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsgate, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Mr. Balfour in the City.

On Monday night last, the ex-Premier attended the dinner given in the City at the Merchant Taylors' Hall in honour of the return to Parliament in the Unionist interest of Sir Edward Clarke and Mr. Alban Gibbs. Mr. Balfour's speech, for which the party had been waiting very anxiously, had all the qualities that might have been expected from it, and made the very best of the bad plight in which the Unionists find themselves. Mr. Balfour pointed out that the party had received two million votes or more, and that the numerical strength of the new Government is out of all proportion to its gross majority. He asked the Unionist party to forget small differences—differences of detail and method—to unite in its opposition to changes which no Unionist can support, and to remember that while Unionists are not agreed upon the difference between Retaliation and Protection, the Liberal Government is equally opposed to both. Mr. Balfour went on to say that while there were some questions that a party could put aside, the Fiscal Question was not one of these, and he declared that Fiscal Reform is not only a necessity, but is a necessity that grows more urgent every day. He urged that effective diplomacy might save us in the future from repeating our past battles for the control of markets. At the same time, Mr. Balfour declared that while he does not reject either a duty on corn or a general tariff, he holds it possible that a Colonial Conference might enable a Government bent upon a tariff reform to avoid a tax that is so distinctly unpopular as a corn duty. It is clear that such differences as have existed hitherto between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain remain, and that the ex-Premier has not felt called upon to change the opinions he has expressed already. A meeting of the Unionist party was to be held at Lansdowne House on Thursday to settle the question of the Unionist leadership and programme.

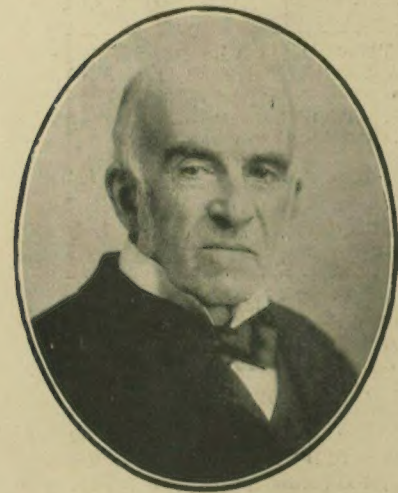


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE REV. E. C. HAWKINS.
Father of Mr. Anthony Hope.

Parliament.

Mr. Austin Taylor, the unopposed representative of the East Toxteth Division of Liverpool, secured the first seat in the new House of Commons on Tuesday after midnight. When at the more seasonable hour of two p.m. his Majesty's faithful Commons had been summoned by Black Rod to the House of Lords, and had been directed by the Lord Chancellor to choose a Speaker, they returned to their own House for that purpose. Their Clerk thereupon indicated Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who moved that the Right Hon. James William Lowther do take the Chair as Speaker. Seconded by Mr. C. B. Stuart-Wortley, this motion was agreed to unanimously. Accompanied by Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his second, the First Commoner in England returned thanks for the honour conferred on

elected and approved Speaker took the oath of allegiance, and the Members proceeded in fives to be sworn in. The youthful appearance of the new House has been generally noticed. Mr. Keir Hardie, Member for Merthyr Tydvil, has been elected chairman of the new Labour Group in Parliament, and this group has decided to sit on the Opposition benches.

of Eton and of Magdalen College, Oxford, is a cricketer, a golfer, a sportsman, and a musician.

Mr. W. H. Dickinson, M.P. for North St. Pancras, is Chairman of the London Liberal Federation. He has been Chairman of the L.C.C. and has served on many public bodies, including the Metropolitan Water Board and the London Education Committee.

Mr. Francis Dyke-Acland, who won the Richmond Division of Yorkshire from the Unionists, is the only son of the Right Hon. Arthur Dyke-Acland. He has shown considerable interest in the boys' clubs of London, and is an authority on educational matters.



Photo. Russell.

REAR-ADMIRAL BARRY.

Created K.C.V.O. at the launch of the "Dreadnought."



Photo. Russell.

REAR-ADMIRAL PERCY SCOTT.

Created K.C.V.O. at the launch of the "Dreadnought."



Photo. Russell.

CAPTAIN J. R. JELlicoe.

Created C.V.O. at the launch of the "Dreadnought."

The Movers and Seconders of the Address.

After the King's Speech on the 19th, the Address in Reply will be moved in the House of Lords by the Marquess of Northampton and will be seconded by Lord Herschell. In the House of Commons the mover

in 1863, and reached Captain's rank in 1892. From 1892 to 1895 he was Assistant Director of Naval Intelligence, from 1899 to 1900 a member of the Ordnance Committee, in 1903 and 1904 Director of Naval Ordnance and Torpedoes; at the Admiralty, and last year became Admiral-Superintendent at Portsmouth Dockyard. Two years ago he became Rear-Admiral, and last year was created a Companion of the Royal Victorian Order.

Rear-Admiral Percy Moreton Scott, who was also created a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order at the launch of the "Dreadnought," has a name that is synonymous with gunnery all over the world. His first remarkable exploit, it is almost needless to say, was the fitting of heavy naval guns to land-carriages, thus enabling him to save Lady-smith. From the rudest possible material he constructed the carriages that made the 4.7 guns available for defence work when the Boer artillery had outclassed the guns at the service of the Lady-smith garrison. He was thus able to silence the Long Toms, which would have reduced the town in a very few days. During the last few years Sir Percy has devoted himself to increasing the efficiency of naval gunnery, and in this he has had extraordinary success. He invented the apparatus known as the "Dotter," which enables sailors to practise with heavy guns without ammunition, and the exact value of every supposed hit is registered on a small target, just as if the gun had been actually fired. He was equally distinguished during the advance of the allied forces upon Peking, and was mentioned in dispatches. In 1892 he was created a Commander of the Victorian Order, and in the following year was made an honorary LL.D. of Cambridge.

Among other officers decorated by the King after the launch of the "Dreadnought" was Captain J. R. Jellicoe, Director of Naval Ordnance. Captain Jellicoe, who is already a C.B., was made a Commander of the Victorian Order.

Countess Howe (Lady Georgiana Elizabeth Spencer-Churchill), who died at Curzon House on Feb. 9, was



Photo. Thompson.

THE LATE COUNTESS HOWE.

will be Mr. W. H. Dickinson and the seconder Mr. F. Dyke-Acland.

William George Spencer Scott Compton, fifth Marquess of Northampton, was born in 1851. He was educated at

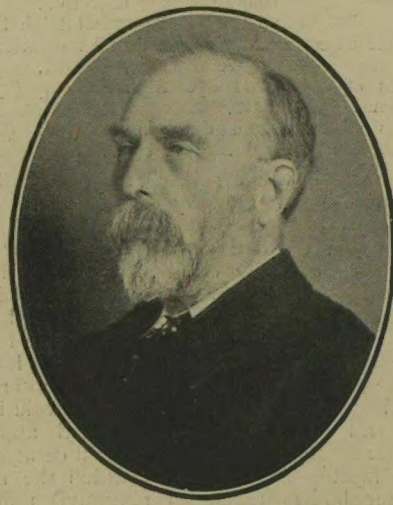


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. JAMES ANNAND.
M.P. for East Aberdeenshire.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

MR. W. H. DICKINSON.

Mover of the Address in the Commons.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

MR. F. DYKE-ACLAND.

Seconder of the Address in the Commons.



Photo. Whitlock.

THE MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON.

Mover of the Address in the Lords.



Photo. Hills and Saunders.

LORD HERSCHELL.

Seconder of the Address in the Lords.

him. After the Mace had been restored by the Serjeant-at-Arms, the leaders of the House and the Opposition offered sincere congratulations. On Wednesday the Commons presented the person whom they had chosen for his Majesty's royal approbation, the

Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was for a time in the Diplomatic Service. From 1880 to 1882 he was private secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Richard Farrer Herschell, second Baron Herschell, is the son of the late eminent Lord Chancellor. He is

the fifth daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. On June 4, 1883, she was married to Viscount Curzon, who succeeded to the Earldom in 1900. Countess Howe was extremely popular in Society and at Court, and last year she and Earl Howe entertained the King at one

ELECTING THE FIRST COMMONER: THE SPEAKER'S INSTALLATION.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLÈRE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Stuart-Wortley.



Speaker.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

MR. J. W. LOWTHER, THE SPEAKER-ELECT, ESCORTED TO THE CHAIR BY HIS SPONSORS.

The first duty of a new Parliament, the election of a Speaker, was performed on February 13. On the mute summons of the Clerk with outstretched finger, Sir Wilfrid Lawson proposed, and Mr. Stuart-Wortley seconded, the election of Mr. J. W. Lowther, already eminent as Chairman of Committees and as Speaker since Mr. Gully's retirement. Mr. Lowther then submitted himself to the House, and was escorted by his sponsors to the Chair. Sir Wilfrid said he himself could not quite claim to be the Father of the House, in spite of long service, and the new Speaker happily proposed that his senior sponsor might without challenge assume the title of "Grandfather."

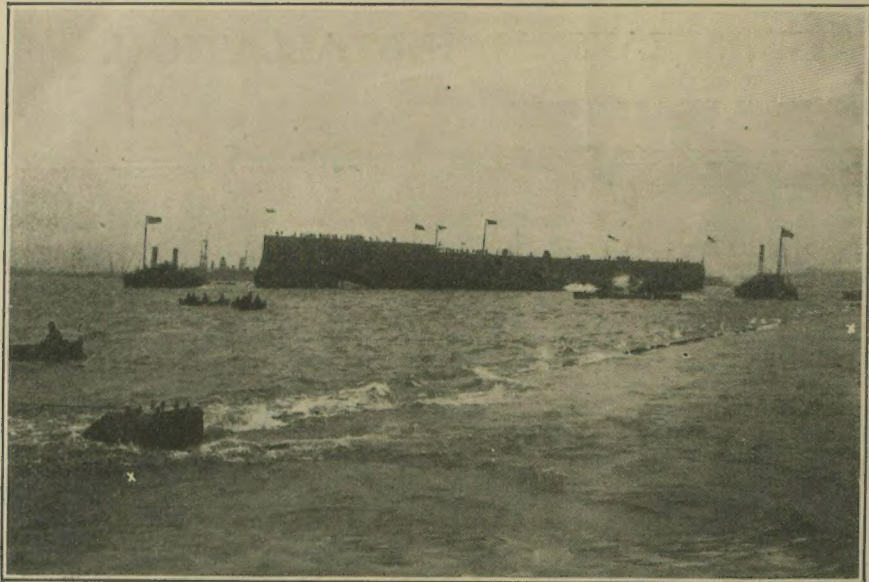
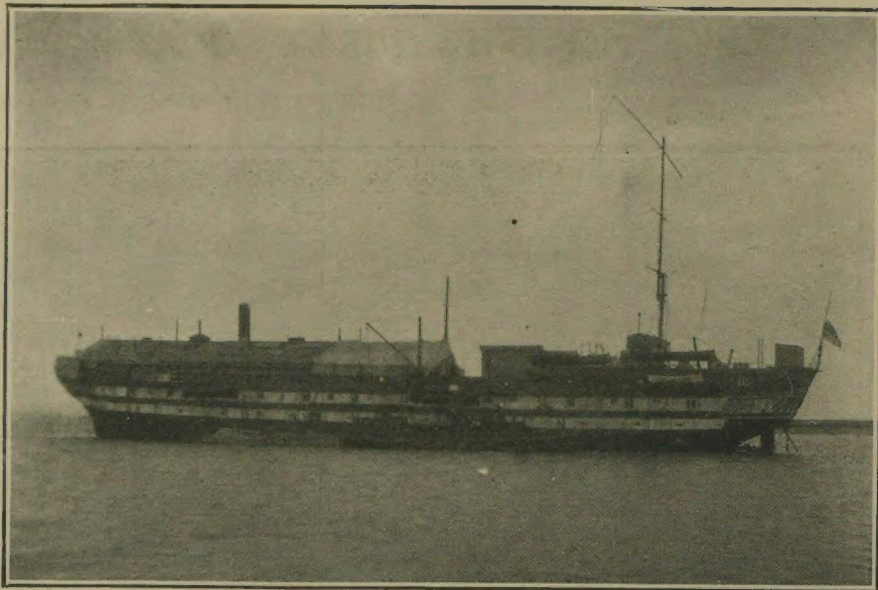


Photo. Cribb.

THE "DREADNOUGHT'S" GREAT LENGTH: THE VESSEL AFTER THE LAUNCH.

The photograph is rather curious, as it shows the towing into dock of the cradle-ways, which became detached from the ship as she took the water. The extremities of the ways are shown by crosses. The picture also gives an excellent idea of the vessel's length—500 feet.



THE NEW TORPEDO-SCHOOL SHIP AT CHATHAM: H.M.S. "ACTAEON."

The "Actaeon," late "Ariadne," has just been fitted out for the training and qualification of torpedo ratings in the Navy. She is to serve the Medway Division, and is moored in Standgate Creek, between Chatham and Sheerness.

of their country houses. She took a deep interest in charitable work, and was a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. During the South African War she was the President of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals Committee.

The Rev. E. C. Hawkins, Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, died at the Vicarage on Feb. 12. He had been Vicar of St. Bride's since 1883, and was in his seventy-ninth year. He was the eldest son of the late Dr. Frederick Hawkins, of Hitchin, Herts, and was educated at Marlborough and Exeter College, Oxford. He was ordained in 1854, and from 1861 to 1883 he was Head Master of St. John's Foundation School, Leatherhead. Mr. Hawkins wrote, among other books, a history of the church and parish of St. Bride's, to which he was devoted. He was the father of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, the novelist.

Almost on the eve of his election as Member of Parliament for the first time, Mr. J. Annand, who won the East Aberdeenshire seat from Mr. Maconochie, the late Unionist member, died suddenly while paying a visit to London. Mr. Annand, who was born in 1843, the son of an Aberdeenshire crofter and blacksmith, was trained as a blacksmith, turned schoolmaster, and then became a journalist. After serving as editor of the *Buchan Observer*, he migrated to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and there took up the editorship of the *Newcastle Leader*. At the time of his death he was the owner of newspapers in Ripon and South Shields. He contested Tynemouth in 1892 and St. Andrews Burghs in 1900, but was unsuccessful on both occasions.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The portrait was taken at Calcutta at a special sitting given to Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd.

The Launch of the "Dreadnought."

On Saturday last at Portsmouth, King Edward christened his battle-ship *Dreadnought* and started her upon her unknown career, in the presence of a large, distinguished, and enthusiastic company. The ceremony, shorn of some at least of its usual distinctive features by the mourning for the late King Christian of Denmark, was not the less impressive; and the occasion held a special interest, for the *Dreadnought*, when completed, will be the fastest, largest, and most powerful battle-ship that moves upon the face of the waters. The vessel's first keel-plate was laid in October last; she will be taking her steam trials before the autumn comes back again, and should be in commission by the end of the year. This is rapid work indeed, and the more interesting because the new and mighty war-ship embodies all the latest ideas that Sir Philip Watts and those associated with him have gathered from expert accounts of the sea-fights in the Russo-Japanese War. For once all detail of the construction of a British battle-ship has been kept secret, though it may be too much to hope that none of the sapient naval attachés who attended Saturday's function on behalf of their respective Powers knows more than has been published. H.M.S. *Dreadnought's* displacement is between eighteen and twenty thousand tons; the armament does not include any secondary battery, and there will be ten or twelve main-armament guns capable of finding an effective range at ten thousand yards. The new war-ship will be propelled by turbine engines taking steam from water-tube boilers.

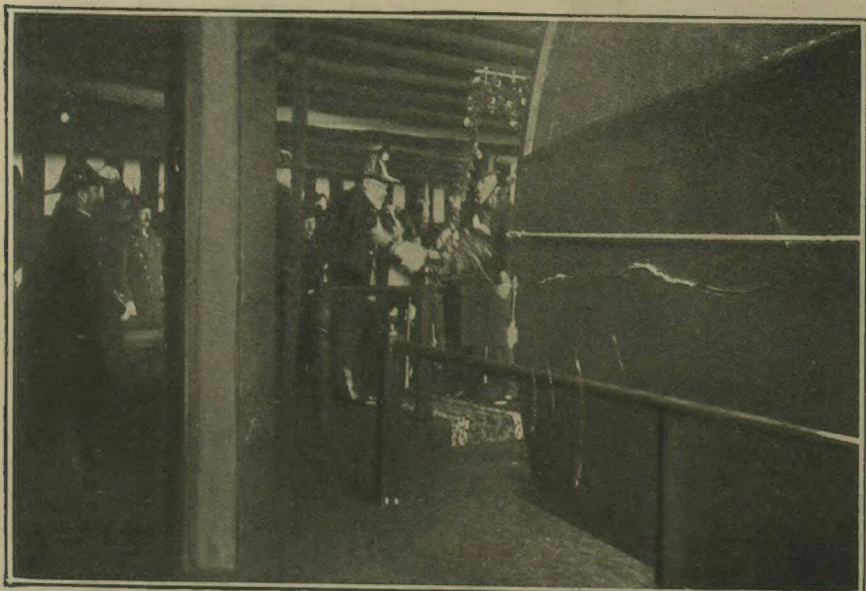


Photo. Gale and Polden.

THE KING CHRISTENING OUR BIGGEST BATTLE-SHIP.

Just before the "Dreadnought" was let go, his Majesty flung a bottle of Australian wine at the vessel's side, saying, "I christen you 'Dreadnought.'" The mass of flowers prevented the breaking of the glass at the first attempt.



Photo. Dannerberg, Berlin.

A HEAT-VEIL FOR FIREMEN.

The device has been introduced by the chief of the Cologne Fire Brigade. It is on the principle of a safety-lamp, and is composed of cane-fibre drenched with water. Two hundred men have been supplied with the veil.

AN EARLY APPEARANCE OF THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



PETER THE GREAT GRANTING PERMISSION TO SETTLE IN RUSSIA TO A DEPUTATION OF JEWS IN MOSCOW.

Although Peter gave the Jews leave to settle in Russia, it was not until 1839 that a Jew could be a citizen of the first class in Russia, and that only with the provision that he had rendered himself worthy of it.

NOTES AND NEWS FROM BOTH HEMISPHERES.



THE TALLEST NEWSPAPER OFFICE IN THE WORLD.

The building, which is distinguished even among the skyscrapers of New York, is the office of the "New York Times." It stands between 42nd Street and Broadway.



AN EXTRAORDINARY SAND-STORM IN THE SOUDAN.

The photograph was taken from the verandah of the Grand Hotel, Khartoum. In the foreground is the Blue Nile, and in the background is Halfaya just disappearing into the advancing storm.



Photo, P. P. A.

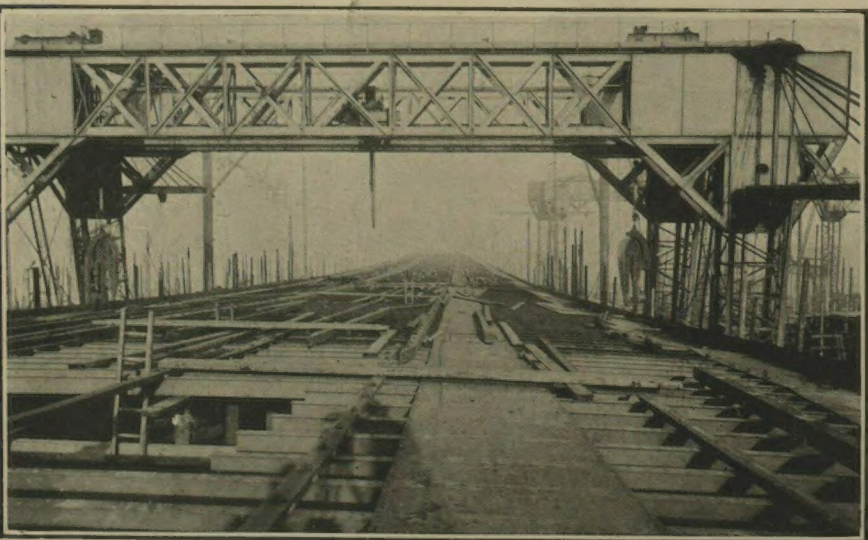
UNVEILING THE STATUE OF KINGSLEY AT BIDEFORD.

Bideford, the scene of "Westward Ho," on February 7 dedicated a memorial to Charles Kingsley. The statue, which is by Mr. Joseph Whitehead, was unveiled by Lord Clinton.



HIPPOPOTAMUS SHOT BY THE EARL OF WARWICK IN UGANDA.

The Earl of Warwick shot a hippopotamus on the Victoria Nyanza. The carcass was towed ashore, and the photograph was taken after it had been drawn up on dry land.



THE LONGEST STEAMER IN THE WORLD: "THE ADRIATIC."

The "Adriatic," of 25,000 tons, is being built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff for Messrs. Ismay, Imrie, and Co. She is 726 feet long. The photograph shows the deck-plating in progress, with a gantry overhead carrying two six-ton hydraulic riveting-machines.



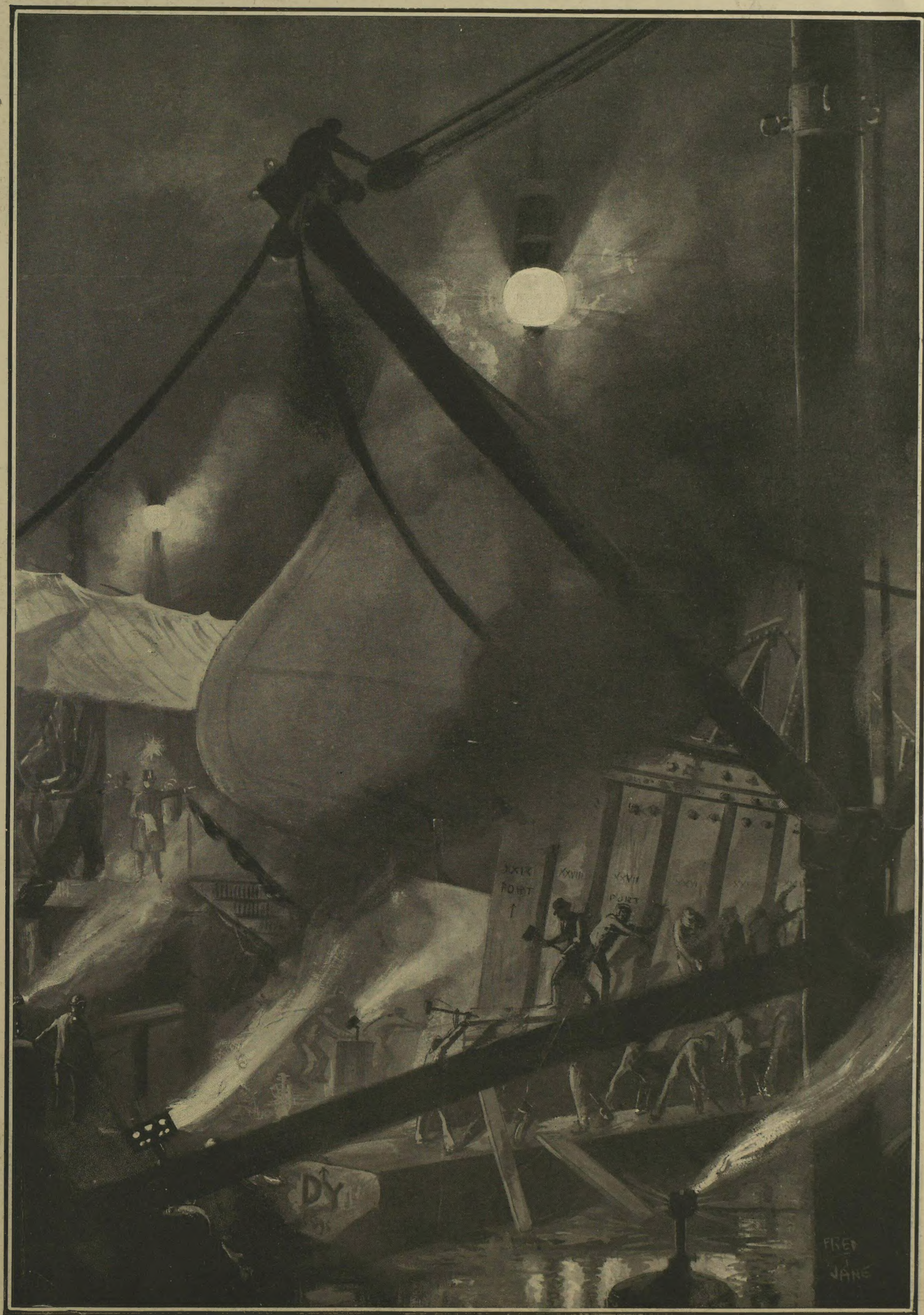
Photo, Lavis.

THE 2nd ROYAL SUSSEX MEMORIAL AT EASTBOURNE.

The monument, unveiled by the Duke of Norfolk on February 8, commemorates the men of the regiment who fell in Egypt and India from 1882 till 1902. The statue is the work of Mr. Goscomb John. At the ceremony, the Duke wore Yeomanry uniform.

RAISING 7000 TONS: PREPARING TO LAUNCH THE "DREADNOUGHT."

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS AT PORTSMOUTH.



A GREAT FEAT OF ENGINEERING: SHIFTING THE WEIGHT OF H.M.S. "DREADNOUGHT" ON TO THE WAYS.

The night before the "Dreadnought" was launched she was lifted with wedges from the chocks so as to bring her weight on to the greased ways down which she slid after the King had released the dog-shores. His Majesty let the vessel go by cutting a cord, and for this he used a chisel and a wooden mallet made from timber of the "Victory."

WILD WATERS.

By LLOYD OSBOURNE.



Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

THINGS had been dull in Apia before the arrival of Captain Saterlee in the *Southern Belle*. Not business alone, which was, of course, only to be expected—what with the civil war being just over and the Kanakas driven to eat their cocoanuts instead of selling them to traders in the form of copra—but, socially speaking, the little capital of the Samoan group had been next door to dead. Picnics had been few; a heavy dust had settled on the floor of the Public Hall—a galvanised iron barn which social leaders could rent for six Chile dollars a night, lights included; the butcher's wedding, contrary to all expectation, had been strictly private, and might almost have slipped by unnoticed had it not been for a friendly editorial in the *Samoa Weekly Times*; and with the exception of an auction, a funeral, and a billiard tournament at the International Hotel, a general lethargy had overtaken Apia and the handful of whites who made it their home.

As Mr. Skiddy, the boyish American Consul, expressed himself: "You can't get anybody to do anything these days!"

Possibly this long spell of monotony contributed to Captain Saterlee's pronounced and instant success. The topsails of the *Southern Belle* had hardly more than appeared over the horizon when the people began to wake up and realise that stagnation had too long held them in its thrall. Saterlee was not at all the

ordinary kind of sea-captain, with which the Beach (as Apia always alluded to itself) was more than well acquainted. Gin had no attractions for Captain Saterlee, nor did he surround himself with dusky impropriety. He played a straight social game, and lived up to the rules, even to party calls and finger-bowls on his cabin table. He was a tall, thin American of about forty-five, with floor-walker manners, greyish mutton-chop whiskers, and a roving eye. The general verdict of Apia was that he was "very superior." His superiority was apparent in his gentlemanly baldness, his open-work socks, his well-turned references to current events, his kindly and indulgent attitude towards all things Samoan. He deplored the rivalry of the three contending nationalities—German, English, and American—whose official representatives quarrelled fiercely amongst themselves and mismanaged the affairs of this unfortunate little South Sea kingdom, and whose unofficial representatives sold guns and cartridges indiscriminately to the warring native factions. Saterlee let it be inferred that the rôle of peacemaker had informally settled upon himself.

"We must all forget and forgive," he would say, his bland tolerance falling like balm from Heaven, and he would clinch the remark by passing round forty-cent cigars.

The *Southern Belle* was a showy little vessel of about ninety tons, with the usual trade-room in the after-part

of the ship, where the Captain himself would wait on you behind a counter, and sell you anything from a bottle of trade-scent to a keg of dynamite. He never was so charming as when engaged in this exchange of commodities for coin, and it accorded so piquantly with his evident superiority that the purchaser had a pleasant sense of doing business with a gentleman.

"Of course, I might run her as a yacht, and play the heavy swell," he would remark. "But, candidly, I like this kind of thing; it puts me on a level with the others, you know; and then it's handy for buying supplies and keeping one in touch with the people!" With this he would give you such a warming smile, and perhaps throw in free a handful of fish-hooks, or a packet of safety matches, or a toothbrush. Indeed, apart from this invariable prodigality, his scale of prices was ridiculously low, and if you were a lady you could buy out the ship at half-price. As for young Skiddy, the American Consul, the bars in his case were lowered even more, and he was just asked to help himself—which young Skiddy did, though sparingly. Captain Saterlee took an immense fancy to this youthful representative of their common country, and treated him with an engaging mixture of respect and paternalism; and Skiddy, not to be behind-hand, and dazzled besides by his elder's marked regard and friendship, threw wide the Consulate door and

[Continued overleaf.]



"John Forster, alias Saterlee, I arrest you in the name of the United States."

AN EXTRAORDINARY ENTERPRISE TO RECOVER ANCIENT ART.

DRAWINGS BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ITALY.



THE ATTEMPT TO RAISE THE GALLEYS OF TIBERIUS AND CALIGULA:

1. CHAIN OF BUOYS SHOWING THE CONTOUR OF THE SUNKEN GALLEY OF CALIGULA.
2. GENERAL VIEW OF LAKE NEMI, WITH GENZANO IN THE DISTANCE.
3. GRAPNEL OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, WITH ITS CABLE.
4. 5. DIVING-BELLS USED DURING THE RESEARCHES OF 1539 (FROM DE MARCHI'S DESCRIPTIONS).
6. RECONSTRUCTION OF THE GALLEY OF TIBERIUS, FROM AN ENGRAVING SIGNED "DEL GALLE," SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

7. THE PROJECTOR OF THE OPERATIONS, SIGNOR ELISEO BORGHI.

8. RELICS OF THE GALLEYS NOW IN THE BORGHI MUSEUM:

- A. Leaden Pipe bearing the Name of Caligula—that is, Caius Cæsar Augustus Germanicus.
- B. Mosaic Flooring.
- C. Bronze Rings set upon a Fragment of the Prow.
- D. Fragment of the Side of the Galley covered with Sheet Lead.
- E. Grapple of the Middle Ages used in former Attempts to raise the Galley.

(SEE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)

constantly pressed on Saterlee the hospitality of a cot on the back verandah.

The Captain professed to find it remarkable—which, indeed, it was—that a boy of twenty-six should have been entrusted with the welfare of so considerable a section of Samoa's white population. The roll of the Consulate bore the names of thirty-eight Americans, not to speak of a thirty-ninth, who was soon expected, over whom the young Consul possessed extraordinary powers withheld from far higher posts in far more important countries. Young Skiddy, on a modest salary of two hundred dollars a month and a house rent-free, was supposed, if need be, to marry you, divorce you, try you for crimes and misdemeanours, and, in extreme cases, might even dangle you from the flagstaff in his front yard.

He had been very seldom called on, however, to use these extensive powers. In three years he had married as many couples, helped to baptize a half-caste baby, held an inquest on a dead sailor, bullied a Samoan army off his front grass, and had settled a disputed inheritance involving five acres of coconuts. This, of course, left him with some spare time on his hands, which on the whole he managed to get through with very tolerable enjoyment. But until the date of Captain Saterlee's arrival he had never had a friend—or at least so it seemed to him now in the retrospect. His official colleagues were out of the question—the stand-offish Englishman, the sullen German, the grotesque Swede who held the highest judicial office. No, there was not the little finger of a friend in the whole galaxy. And elsewhere? Not a soul to whom one could give intimacy without the danger, almost the certainty, of its being abused. No wonder, then, that he turned to Saterlee, and grasped the hand of fellowship so warmly extended to him.

The little Consul had never known such a man; he had never heard such talk; he had never before realised the extent and splendour of the world. Sitting in the cabin of the *Southern Belle*, often far into the night, he would give a rapt attention to this extraordinary being who had done everything and seen everything. Paris, London, Constantinople, New York—all were as familiar to Saterlee as the palm of his hand, and he had the story-telling gift that can throw a glamour over the humblest incident. Not that his incidents were often humble. On the contrary, in his mysterious suggestive fashion he let it be inferred that his bygone part had been a great one. He would offer dazzling little peeps, and then shut the slide; a chance reference that would make his hearer gasp; the adroit use of a mighty name, checked by a sudden "Oh, hold on; I'm saying more than I ought to!" You felt somehow that to have aroused the interest of this powerful personage was to insure your own career. With a turn of his hand he was capable of gratifying your wildest ambition. He had remarked your unusual capacity, and had quietly determined it should be given proper scope. When and where and how were to be settled later. These questions you left confidently to Saterlee. It was enough that you were informed, in those fine shades of which he was a master, that your day would surely come. On leaving Saterlee you walked on air without knowing exactly why—or rather Skiddy did—for by "you" I mean the little Consul.

It is a sad commentary on human nature that it is so easily deceived. A glib tongue, an attractive manner, a few hundred dollars thrown carelessly about—and, presto, you have the counterfeit of a Cecil Rhodes! We are not only willing to take people at their own valuation, but are ever ready to multiply that valuation by ten. Obtrude romance—rich, juicy romance—into the lives of commonplace people, and they instantly lose their heads. Romance, more than cupidity, is what attracts the gold-brick investor.

Of course, Saterlee was a poser, a fraud, a liar. The highest type of liar. The day-dreaming, well-read, genuinely inventive, highly imaginative, loving-it-for-its-own-sake liar. But to Skiddy every word he said was Gospel-true. He never doubted the Captain for an instant. Life grew richer to him, stranger and more wonderful. It was like a personal distinction, a medal or the thanks of Congress, that Saterlee should thus have singled him out. His gratitude was unbounded. He felt both humble and elated. His cup was brimming over.

Let not his credulity be counted against him. After all, he was not the only admirer of the Captain. Did he not see Saterlee lionized by the Chief Justice and the rest of his brother officials; publicly honoured by the head of the great German company; called to the bosom of both the missionary denominations? Was not all Apia, in fact, regardless of sex, creed or nationality, acclaiming Saterlee to the skies, and vying amongst themselves for the privilege of entertaining him? Never indeed, were there so many picnics, so many parties, such a constant succession of dances at the Public Hall. Even the King was galvanised into action, and to the surprise of everyone, gave a sort of At Home, where Saterlee was the guest of honour, and received the second kava cup. A half-caste couple, who before had barely held up their heads, sprang into social prominence by getting married under the direct patronage of the popular Captain, and thus rallying to their visiting-list all the rank, fashion, and beauty of Apia.

It was a delirious month. There was an event for almost every day of it. The strain on the half-caste band was awful. Miss Potter's millinery establishment worked night and day. Of a morning you couldn't find a lady on a front verandah who wasn't stitching and sewing and basting and cutting out. And the men! Why, in the social whirl few of them had time to sober up, and the sale of Leonard's soda-water was unprecedented.

As the time began to draw near for the monthly mail from San Francisco, Saterlee got restless, and talked regretfully of leaving. He gave a great p.p.c. bargain day on board the *Southern Belle*, where sandwiches and

bottled beer were served to all comers, and goods changed hands at astonishing prices: coal-oil at one-seventy-five a case; hundred-pound kegs of beef at four dollars; turkey-red cotton at six cents a yard; square-face at thirty cents a bottle; and similar cuts in all the standard commodities. There was no Custom House in those days, and you were free to carry everything ashore unchallenged. The matter of eighty tons must have been landed all round the beach; and the pandemonium at the gangway, the crush and jostle in the trade-room, and the steady hoisting out of fresh merchandise from the mainhold, made a very passable South Sea imitation of a New York department-store. At any rate, there was the same loss of temper, the same harassed expression on the faces of the purchasers, and the same difficulty in getting change. As like as not you had to take it—the change—in the form of Jews' harps, screw-eyes, or anything small and handy that happened to be near by. It was the most lightning performance Apia had ever witnessed, and the Captain carried it off in a brisk, smiling way as though it was the best joke in the world, and he was only doing it all for fun.

Unfortunate Captain! Unhappy destiny that brought in the mail-cutter two days ahead of schedule! Thrice unlucky popularity that found thee basking in the sunshine of woman's favour instead of on thy four-inch deck! The pilot signalled the mail; Skiddy put forth in his Consular boat, intercepting the cutter in the pass, and receiving (on his head) his own especial Government bag. The proximity of the *Southern Belle*, and the likelihood of Saterlee being at home, caused Skiddy to board the ship, and open the bag on her quarter-deck. One stout, blue, and important-looking letter at once caught his eye. He opened the stout, blue, and important-looking letter, and—!

There were no white men in the crew of the *Southern Belle*. They were all Rotumah boys, with the exception of Ah Foy, the Chinese cook. The Celestial was singing over his pots and pans when he was suddenly startled by the apparition of Skiddy at the galley door. The little Consul was deathly pale, and there was something fierce and authoritative in his look.

"Come out of here," he said abruptly. "I want to talk to you!"

The Chinaman followed him aft. He had a pretty good idea of what was coming. That was why he was sewn up with two hundred dollars in hard cash, together with a twenty-dollar bill under his left heel. He began to cry, and in five minutes had blurted out the whole thing. Self-preservation is the first law, and he had, besides, some dim conception of States' evidence. Skiddy made the conception clearer, and promised him immunity if he would make a clean breast of it. This the Chinaman forthwith did in his laborious pigeon. A good part of it was incomprehensible, but he established certain main facts, and confirmed the stout, blue, important-looking letter. As Saterlee came off on a shore-boat, pulling like mad, and then darted up the ladder in a sweat of apprehension, he was met at the top by Skiddy—not Skiddy the friend—but Skiddy the arm of the law, Skiddy the retributive, Skiddy the world's avenger, with Seniko, his towering cox, standing square behind him.

"John Forster," he said, "alias Saterlee, I arrest you in the name of the United States on the charge of having committed the crime of barratry, and warn you that anything you say now may be hereafter used against you!"

It was a horrible thing to say—to be forced to say—and no sense of public duty could make it less than detestable. Skiddy almost whispered out the words. The brutality of them appalled him. Remember this was his friend, his hero, the man whose intimacy an hour before had been everything to him. Saterlee gave him a quick, blank, panicky look, and then, with a pitiful bravado, took a step forward with an attempted return to his usual confident air. He professed to be dumbfounded at the accusation; he was the victim of a dreadful mistake; he tried, with a ghastly smile, to reassert his old dominion, calling Skiddy "old man" and "old chap" in a shaky, fawning voice, and wanting to take him below "to talk it over." But the little Consul was adamant. The law must take its course. He was sorry, terribly sorry, but as an officer of the United States he had to do his duty.

Saterlee preceded him into the boat. The Consul followed and took the yoke-lines. They were both dejected, and neither dared to meet the other's eyes. It was a mournful pull ashore, and tragic in the retrospect. A silence lay between them as heavy as lead. The crew, conscious of the Captain's humiliation, though they knew not the cause, felt also constrained to a deep solemnity. Yes, a funeral pull, and it was a relief to everyone when at last they grounded in the shingle off the Consulate.

Skiddy had a busy day of it. Leaving the Captain at the Consulate under guard, and sending off Asi, the chief of Vaiala, together with ten warriors armed with rifles and axes, to take charge of the *Southern Belle* and her crew, he walked into Apia to make arrangements to meet the painful situation. Single-handed he had to rear the structure of a whole judicial system, including United States marshals, a Clerk of Court, four Assessor Judges, and a jail. His first steps were directed towards a little cottage on the Motootua Road, the residence of Mr. Scoville Purdy, a goaty, elderly, unwashed individual, who formed the more respectable half of the Samoan Bar. Mr. Purdy was forthwith retained by the United States Government, and the papers of the case left in his hands. Skiddy next sought out Mr. Thacher, the other half of the Bar, and directed him to defend the prisoner. Then he bent his mind to the consideration of jails, of which Samoa boasted two.

The Municipal jail was a two-roomed wooden shed, sparingly furnished with a couple of tin pails. Humanity forbidding the incarceration of Captain Saterlee in such a hovel, the little Consul passed on

to Mulinu, where the general Samoan Government held sway. The jail here was on a more pretentious scale. It consisted of a rectangular enclosure, perhaps sixty feet by forty, formed by four eight-foot walls of galvanised iron, and containing within five or six small huts of the kind that shipwrecked seamen might build on a desert island. In fact, that was just about what they were, and as smelly and repulsive as the real article. Owing to financial stringency, the Samoan Government was unable to house or feed its prisoners, who for both these reasons might well be described as castaways.

These unfortunates were absent at the time of Skiddy's visit, employing a very languid leisure on the improvement of the roads; and the Consul could not have penetrated the jail at all had it not been for the King, who, on being appealed to, was obliging enough to lend the diplomat his spare key. Skiddy stood and regarded the place with an immense depression. It would not do at all. It was no better than a cattle-pen. He was about to turn away when the two Scanlons appeared on the scene, their keen noses having scented out a job. The Scanlons were burly half-castes, of a muddy, sweaty complexion, whose trustworthiness and intelligence were distinctly above the average. The Scanlon brothers, to anyone in a difficult position, could be relied upon as pillars of strength. There was nothing a Scanlon brother wouldn't do—and do well—for two dollars and fifty cents a day. Mind and muscle were both yours—Scanlon mind and muscle—for this paltry and insignificant sum; and the Consul, in his quandary, welcomed the stout, bristly haired pair as though they were angels from heaven.

In less time than it takes to write, Alfred Scanlon was appointed a United States marshal, Charles Scanlon an assistant United States marshal, and the arrangement was made with them to take full charge of Captain Saterlee during his trial. He was to live in their cottage, have his meals served from the International Hotel, and, while carefully guarded night and day, was to be treated "first-class" throughout.

"The law of the United States," boomed out little Skiddy, "assumes that a prisoner is innocent until he is actually convicted. I want both of you to remember that!"

The Scanlons didn't understand a word of what he said; but they saluted and looked very much impressed. When you bought a Scanlon you got a lot for your money, including a profound gravity when you addressed him. It was the Scanlon way of recognising that you were paying, and the Scanlon receiving, two dollars and fifty cents a day!

At the head of his two satellites, who kept pace respectfully behind him, Skiddy next directed himself to find Dillon. Dillon was a variety of white Scanlon, though of an infinitely lower human type, who kept a tiny store and cobbled shoes near the Mulivae Bridge, and who, from some assumed knowledge of legal procedure, invariably acted as clerk of the court—any court, American, English, or the Samoan High. You associated his heavy, bloated, grog-blossomed face and black-dyed whiskers as an inevitable part of the course of justice. It was his custom to take longhand notes of all court proceedings, as, of course, stenographers were unknown in Apia; and at times it would seem as though all Samoan justice boiled down to dictating to Dillon. As a witness, you never looked at the judge. You looked at Dillon, and wondered whether he was taking you down right. A careful witness always went slowly, and used the words that Dillon was likely to understand.

Dillon having been found and engaged, the next procedure was to appoint the assessor judges, of whom the Consular Instructions insisted on their being four. This weighty matter seemed to require the co-operation of the Vice-Consul, Mr. Beaver, a highly respected quack doctor whose principal nostrum was faith cure plus hot water. After arguing away your existence, which he always could do with extraordinary fluency, he would plunge you into a boiling bath till your imaginary skin turned a deep imaginary scarlet, and then send you home with some microscopic doses of aconite. The best thing that could be said of him was that he never really harmed anybody, scalded the poor for nothing, and was willing (and even pressing) to turn over serious cases to the regular practitioner, Dr. Funk.

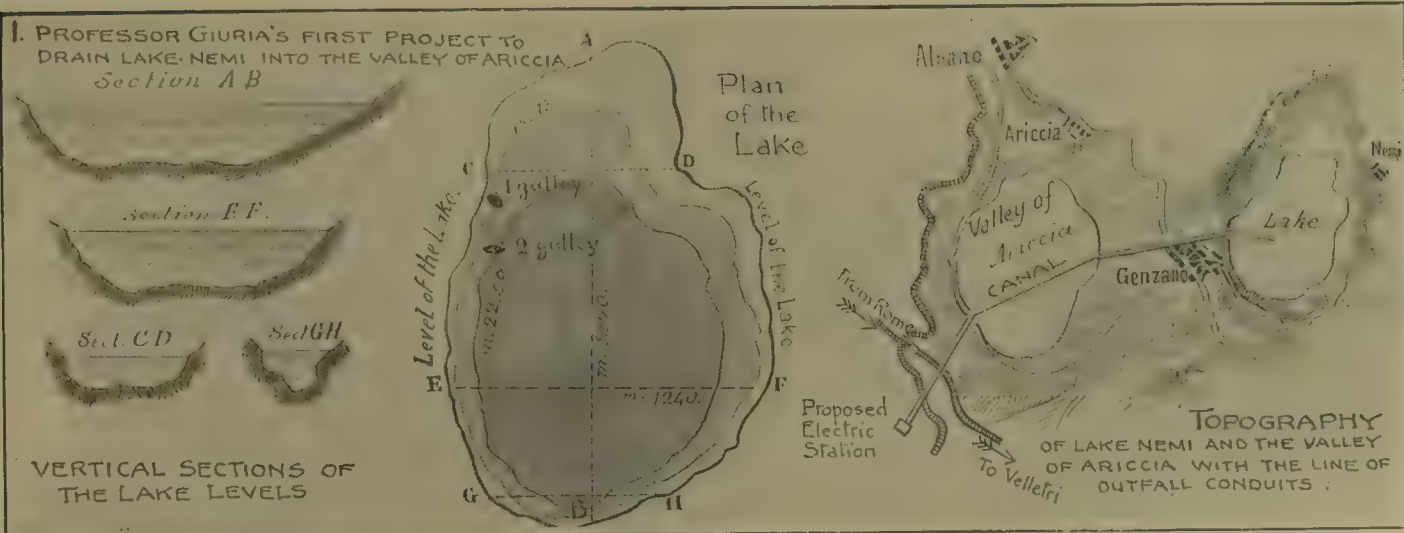
There were twenty-seven American citizens on the Consular roll of male sex, sound mind, and above twenty-one years of age. Four of them lived far from Apia, and were therefore unavailable. Two more, as known deserters from the United States Navy, were considered unworthy of the judgment seat. Forged or suspected naturalisation papers threw out another five. This reduced the residuum to sixteen, whose names were written on slips of paper, thrown into a pith helmet, and tumbled together. The first four withdrawn constituted the assessor judges, who were at once warned by messenger to be in attendance at the Consulate at ten the next morning or be punished for contempt.

What a stir was made in the little town as the news went round! Saterlee, the cherished, the entertained, the eagerly sought-after—Saterlee had been discovered to be a pirate! The *Southern Belle* was no *Southern Belle* at all, but the *James H. Peabody*! He had shipped as supercargo, putting in a thousand dollars of his own to lull Mr. Crawford's suspicions, and then had marooned the captain and mate on Ebon Island, and levanted with the ship! Heavens, what cackle, what excitement, what a furious flow of beer in every saloon along the beach! It was rumoured that the great bargain-day sales might be cancelled—that the goods might have to be returned—that not a penny of compensation would be paid to the unlucky purchasers. Then what a rubbing off of marks took place, what a breaking up of tell-tale cases, what a soaking off of tags! The whole eighty tons disappeared like magic, and you could not find a soul who would even confess to a packet of pins!

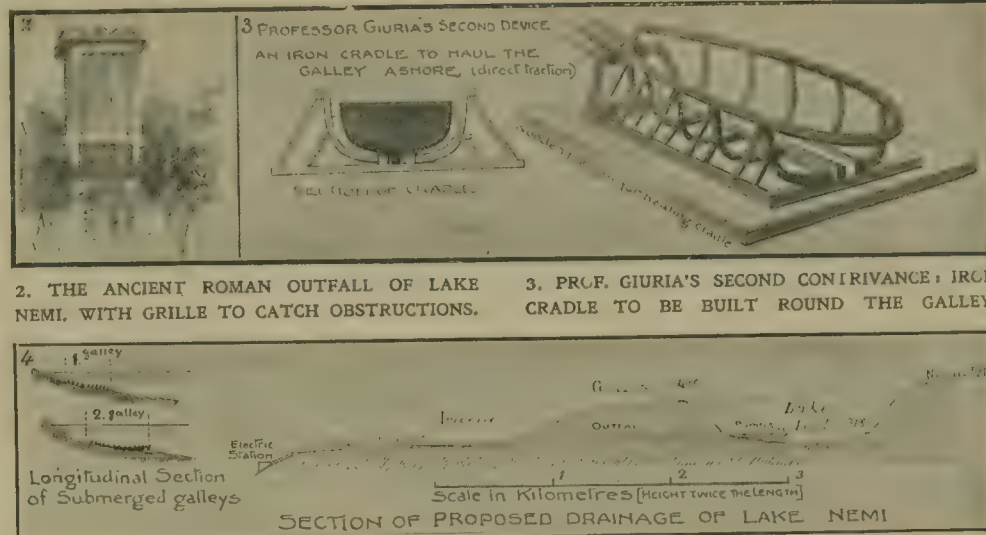
(To be concluded.)

A ROMAN EMPEROR'S PLEASURE-GALLEY: A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE GALLEY OF TIBERIUS.

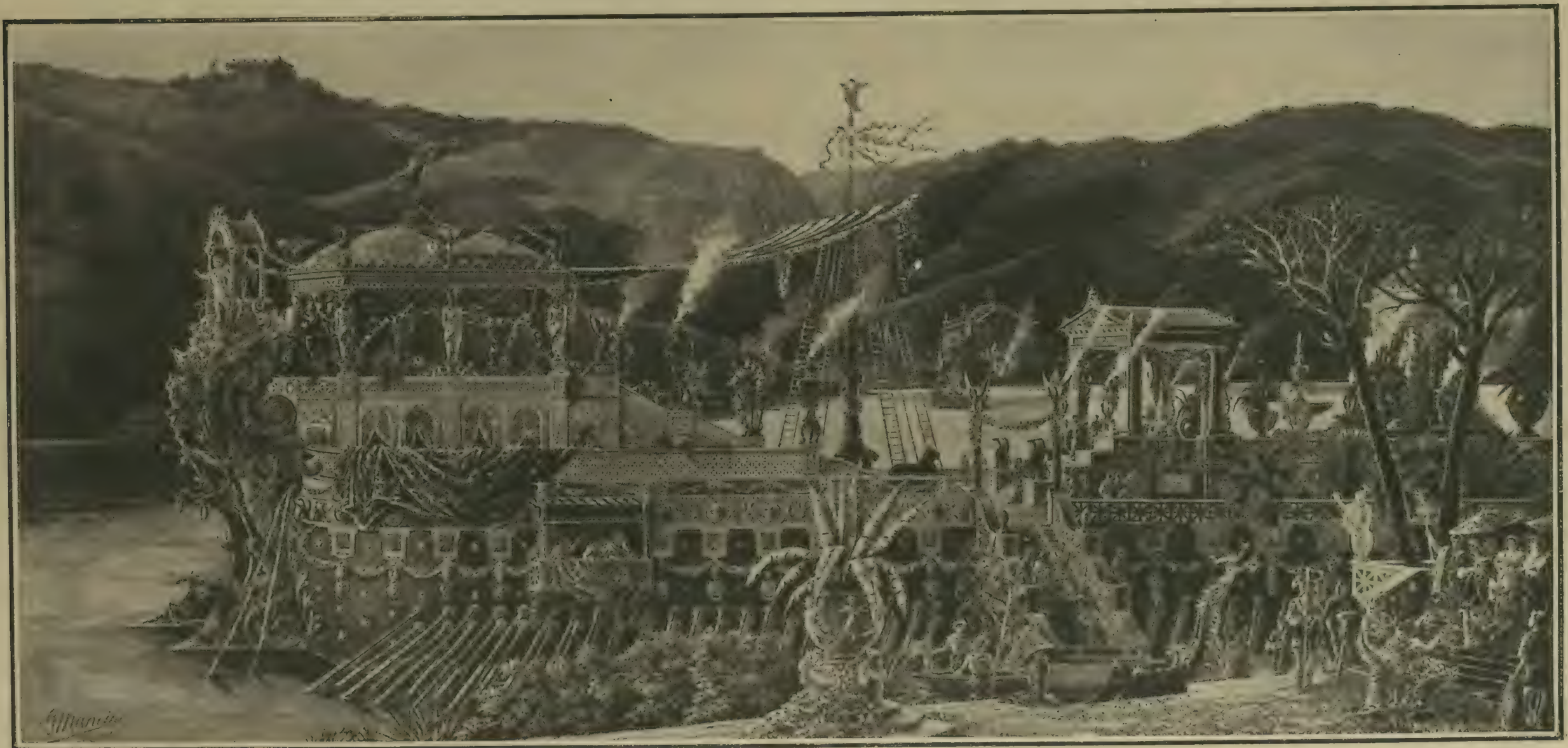
FROM THE PAINTING BY G. MANCINI; DIAGRAMS BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ITALY.



1. PROFESSOR GIURIA'S FIRST PROJECT TO DRAIN LAKE NEMI INTO THE VALLEY OF ARICCIA.



4. SECTION OF DRAINAGE WORKS FOR THE RECOVERY OF THE GALLEY.



THE GORGEOUS GALLEY OF TIBERIUS AFLOAT ON LAKE NEMI.

SEE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

NOT having seen Mr. Phillips's play, "Nero" (for it has not yet been produced on the classic boards of the Town Hall, St. Andrews), and being instructed only by the reports of the critics, I do not know where the tragedy comes in. As the play is not described as a tragedy, but as a "drama," perhaps there is no reason why the tragic element should be allowed to intrude. Nero is not a possible protagonist of tragedy; he is not an Œdipous, an Aias, a Prometheus, or an Agamemnon, he is not even a Xerxes. When John Knox was at St. Andrews, in the year following the Reformation, one of the Augustinian canons signed a recantation of his Popish errors. He said that he renounced—

That odious beast and lecherous swine,
The Pope of Rome.

The words fall naturally into a lyric phrase, and though, as far as I am aware, they were quite inapplicable to the excellent Pontiff of 1560, they exactly describe the Emperor Nero; "a bad fellow, my dear!" as Barry Lyndon's uncle said about a much better Prince. His profile, on an intaglio, depicts just such a greasy, burly, bull-necked, ill-shaved, handsome, vulgar ruffian as history describes Nero. You might reconstruct his career from this little gem. There is nothing to be done with him.

At the same time I hesitate to credit what one learned critic says—namely, that, in the second act, Nero is occupied with "the reception of delegates, Parthian and English." Surely the worthy Angles did not send delegates to Rome. Tacitus does not mention the circumstance, I think, and the suspicion arises that the critic means "Britons" when he says "English." If not, if the English do appear, no doubt Mr. Phillips has authority for the fact; he is not the man to tell a guileless audience that the Romans conquered England, without good authority.

One also reads, still in the same critique, about "the murdered woman whose wraith has visited his slumbers nightly before her own" (the woman's) "demise, so far as we know, a unique instance of the spectral presence of a being still living." "I explain this, men and hangels!" as Jeames Yellowplush cried, on much slighter provocation. A wraith is "the spectral presence of a being still living," and nothing else. Wraiths are much more common than ghosts of the dead. I have seen no ghosts, but have viewed three "spectral presences of beings still living." To be sure, one of them was dying—one of the "beings," I mean. The other two are in good health, the other two beings; I know not how their spectral presences are. One of the two beings also saw lately, in Warwickshire, the spectral presence of her sister, who is still in being, and, at the moment of her appearance, was in London.

These things are quite usual, and not in the least "unique"; dramatic critics ought to know the common facts of natural history. Possibly wraiths are not familiar on the stage; that is another question. The stage holds up but an imperfect mirror to Nature. Nero was very bad and disgusting, but I hope that the Roman historian who represented him with an emerald eyeglass in his wicked young eye exaggerates. Memory may betray me; perhaps it was not Nero but some other bad Roman Emperor who used an emerald eyeglass. But the story, enough to damn a dynasty, is in Suetonius, or Pliny, or somewhere; I am incapable of inventing it.

The author of a statement on which I recently commented to the effect that George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, and Jane Austen "were not very beautiful, judging by their portraits under notice," kindly sends me samples of the likenesses (from the *Bookman*). Miss Brontë is represented in a green dress, with green hair and a pink ribbon round her neck. "Very beautiful" she is not; perhaps nobody ever said that she was Helen of Troy, though she certainly attracted curates, and perhaps other men, as Helen "drew the dreaming keels of Greece," according to Mr. Phillips, after her over the Ionian foam.

Allowing for the green hair, which makes Miss Brontë one of the *virides nymphae* of the Latin poet, she has a very pleasing face indeed, full of intelligence and character, while the features are excellent. If Jane Eyre was as handsome as the author of her being, one begins to understand Mr. Rochester. However, I am judging the portrait rather by its intention than its execution, for it seems to be considerably out of drawing. Miss Austen's portrait is a mere libel, a fat-faced girl with enormous eyes, in an unbecoming grandmotherly "mutch," or cap. It is reproduced from a very coarse, bad engraving in stipple, a mere caricature. In I forget which of the pretty modern editions of Miss Austen's novels, there is a photograph of a charming miniature, in which she appears pretty, mocking, and merry. As to George Eliot, her portrait makes her resemble Savonarola more closely than Helen of Troy, and was clearly not designed when she was in the early bloom of her charms, so that one does not know whether she then was captivating or not. Many famous people are not known to us from their portraits. Of Cleopatra I have only seen a profile on a coin; in that she resembles George Eliot in her portraits, and has a very long nose. Yet the beauty of Cleopatra did more in the way of affecting the history of the world than any other woman in real history. Probably the beauty of Mary Stuart came second, but the wooden artists of France in her period represent her as an artful plain woman of forty, when she was a pretty girl of eighteen. Only two or three of her authentic portraits enable us even to give a guess that she may have been pretty. Everything depends on the artist: judging from the portraits executed by Romney, Reynolds, and Gainsborough, one would suppose that all Englishwomen were handsome at the close of the eighteenth century, while almost all women were stolid frumps in the sixteenth century, if we credit the portrait-painters.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

J DALLIN PAUL.—We should consider the use of the Queen justifiable if it answered your purpose; but it does not, as P takes Q is just as good as P becomes a Bishop.

W MARKS (Belfast).—Your problem has not been lost sight of; but we have many to select from, and they cannot all be in two moves.

F FOLWELL (Stockport).—Your problem admits of another solution by R. K takes Kt, etc.

R BER.—We shall be only too pleased if on examination we can gratify your wishes.

MADAJAM.—Problem to hand, with thanks.

A R L HUTCHINSON.—1. Kt to Kt 6th.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3217 received from H O R Muttukistna (Puttalam, Ceylon); of No. 3218 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3220 from C Field junior (Athol, Mass.) and Emile Frau; of No. 3221 from H S Brandreth (Rome), J Maskell (Fleetwood), Shadforth, A W Roberts (Sandhurst) and H J Plumb (Sandhurst); of No. 3222 from B Messenger, A W Young (Edinburgh), A J P Machado (Lisbon), H J Plumb (Sandhurst), D Newton (Lisbon) and H S Brandreth (Rome).

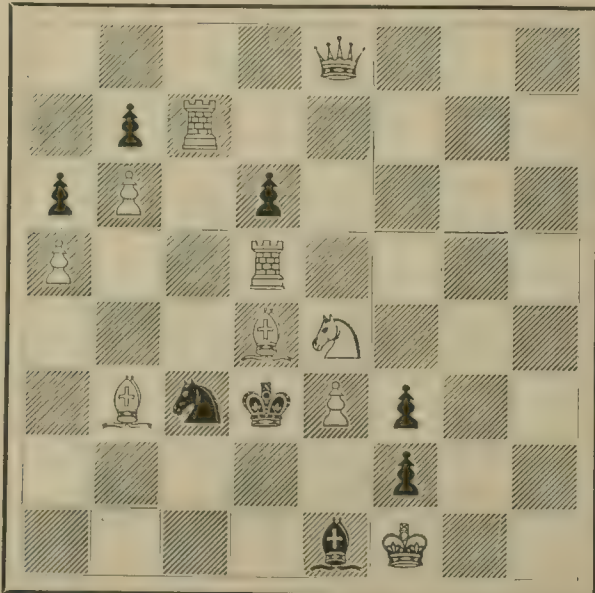
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3223 received from L Harris-Liston (Middleton St. George), P Daly (Brighton), Sorrento, Emile Frau (Lyons), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), F Henderson (Leeds), G F H Packer (Cambridge), Hereward, J I I (Frampton), G Bakker (Rotterdam), Sandforth, J Maskell (Fleetwood), J A Corstorphin-Wilson (Hanwell), Edith Corser (Reigate), F F Burt (Liverpool), E J Winter-Wood, R Worters (Canterbury), E Lawrence (Cheltenham), Albert Wolff (Putney), C E Perugini, E G Rodway (Trowbridge), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), J Hopkinson (Derby), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), F Ede (Canterbury), Sconic, A Arnold (Colchester), H J Plumb (Sandhurst), The Tid, T Roberts, Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), H S Brandreth (Rome), and David Weir (Fivemiletown).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3222.—By PHILIP H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to B 5th K to B 5th
2. Q to Q 4th (ch) K takes Kt
3. P to Kt 4th, mate
If Black play 1. K takes P, 2. Q to Q 6th (ch); if 1. P to B 4th, 2. Kt to Q 6th (ch); and if 1. Anything, 2. Q to Q 4th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3225.—By G. F. K. PACKER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the City of London Chess Club Championship Tournament between Messrs. HERBERT JACOBS and PERCY H. ALFV.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	23. Q to B 3rd	R to B sq
2. P to K Kt 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	24. Q to R 5th	R to B 2nd
3. B to K 2nd	B to K 2nd	25. B to R 6th	B to Kt 2nd
4. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
5. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
6. Castles	Kt to B 3rd		
7. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
8. P takes P	P to K 4th		
9. P to Q 5th	Kt to K 2nd		
10. P to K R 3rd	P to K R 4th		
11. B to Kt 5th	Kt to R 2nd		
12. B to K 3rd	P to B 4th		
13. Q Kt to B 3rd	P takes P		
14. Kt takes P	Kt to B 4th		
15. Q to Q 2nd	Castles		
16. K to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
17. B to Kt 5th	K to R 2nd		
18. Q R to B sq	P to Q Kt 4th		

An ingenious diversion for the purpose of relieving the pressure elsewhere. It threatens P to Kt 5th, winning a piece.
19. B takes Kt B takes B
20. Kt takes P B to R 3rd
21. Kt to B 5th B takes R
22. B takes B
If K takes B Black obtains a strong attack by Kt takes P (ch); and if Kt to K 6th is played, then B takes B, 23. Kt takes Q, B takes Kt, and Black has three pieces for his Queen.
22. Kt to Q 5th
This move is a striking illustration of the power of the Knight, and is at once as

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the Manhattan Chess Club between Messrs. FOX and KORHLER.

(Four Knights' Game.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
2. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	16. Kt to B 6th (ch)	Q takes Kt
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	17. B takes Q	P takes R
4. B to Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th		
5. Castles	Castles		
6. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
7. B takes Kt	P takes B		
8. Kt to K 2nd	P to B 4th		
9. B to Kt 5th	Q to K 2nd		
10. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to K 3rd		
11. Kt to R 4th	P to B 5th		

In face of the forces gathered against his King, Black would do better by Kt to K sq. He has no time for a counter attack.
12. P takes P B to Kt 2nd
13. Q to Q 3rd B to B 4th
14. Kt to R to B 5th
The natural and obvious move, yet one for which it is difficult to find any satisfactory answer.
14. Kt takes P.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

OVER and over again has the question been debated whether there is any definite relationship to be established between the weight of a brain and the degree of intelligence exhibited by its possessor. Complicating this apparently simple issue, we have two further questions. Of these, the first deals with the relative brain-weights of man and woman, this point naturally also trending towards the determination of intelligence as related to brain-weight. The second item includes the consideration of brain-weight as compared with body-weight. The whole matter is thus seen to be complicated in its terms, and by the varied standpoints whence philosophers consider the subject. Conspicuous among investigators in this branch of inquiry stands Professor Karl Pearson. His contributions to what may be called the application of mathematical methods to the determination of vexed points in vital problems are known to the civilised world. He has, in truth, founded a school of research on the lines just indicated, and already light has been thrown on many topics hitherto situated within the domain of the obscure.

Recently dealing with the relative brain-weights in the sexes, Professor Pearson evolves many interesting facts regarding this vexed question. The bigger man has a larger brain-weight; but, asks the Professor, "Is he the more intelligent?" The answer to this query, we are told, is that while there is "a sensible correlation between size of head and intelligence," it is "so slight that no safe prediction can be made from size to degree of intelligence." In other words, the mathematical biologists have not sufficient or safe ground whereon to base trustworthy conclusions. Therefore the Professor arrives at his final word: "What difference there may be in men and women's brains regarded as intelligence-mechanism will require a far more subtle mode of investigation than the scales and balance for its determination."

We may, despite the somewhat scientifically forlorn nature of Mr. Pearson's declaration, feel at least comforted to know the complexity of the problem before us. It seems to me, however, that the mathematical biologists (and with all deference to them I say so) neglect to note one great fact of brain-constitution. If I put a man's brain in the scales, and find it weighs say 48 ounces, I should like to ask our friends what it is I am weighing? Am I weighing three pounds of actual active brain-stuff in the shape of brain-cells, in which last elements alone the essence of brain-action is contained? The answer is, certainly not. By far the greater mass and weight of a brain is composed of white matter or nerve-fibres which carry messages to and from the cells, but which have no more to do with the origins and directing of messages than have the wires of a telegraph-system.

Again, while we have many millions of cells in the brain, only a relatively few are concerned with what we call the exercise of mind and intellect. Large areas are devoted to the supervision of our muscles and to the reception of the messages that come from our organs of sense. What, then, can be the measure of any intellectual capacity judged by weight when we can only weigh a mass of nervous matter without getting at the real amount of that portion of it which originates and dominates our mentality? That which I seem to see is that it is really the quality of a limited collocation of brain-cells—due to inheritance, education, and the other circumstances of our lives—which represents the crux of the whole matter. "Big head, little wit" is an aphorism just as frequently represented in life as the converse proposition. Well may we re-echo Professor Pearson's words, that we want a more subtle mode of investigation than scales and weights.

A most interesting paper was lately published by a surgeon on the functions discharged by the "omentum." This is the great fold by means of which the intestines are slung and supported. It appears that this structure possesses independent powers of movement. When inflammation occurs it moves towards the affected part. If the trouble be not of very acute nature the omentum may aid in arresting the inflammation by attaching itself and preventing the spread of the diseased action. One explanation of this remarkable power is offered in the shape of the view that it is the natural movements or increased movement of the intestines which causes the omentum to wander towards any diseased point. But it would seem more probable that this fold is endowed with a certain amount of independent power of altering its position, a power, we might reasonably suspect, which is guided by the nervous system. Even in stomach-trouble resulting in perforation, the omentum may act by sealing up the aperture, and by thus limiting the spread of the inflammation.

One may well be delighted to find that the movement for the teaching of science in schools year by year assumes greater and increasing prominence. At a recent conference of the Public Schools Science Masters, certain plain statements were made regarding the necessity for increased science-teaching as a means of fitting the pupils for their future work in the world, and for conveying to them what we all need—namely, correct ideas of the universe in which we live, and of our relationship to that universe. We are coming to see that the exclusive classical education is a mistake, even for the clergyman or the lawyer. I am not of those who would eliminate the classics from school studies. They form part of general culture; they bear a relation to a knowledge of literature; and they also are closely identified with the use of scientific terminology. But that the purely classical-bred student is apt to fall by the wayside in the general knowledge of nature is a self-evident fact, and it is not a pleasant one to face as a result of modern education. For the average lad, less classics and more science—more bridging over the gulf betwixt the school and the world—would represent that happy mean wherein most satisfaction dwells.—ANDREW WILSON.

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DRAWINGS BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ITALY.



THE ATTEMPT TO RAISE THE GALLEYS OF TIBERIUS AND CALIGULA FROM LAKE NEMI.

1. SECTION OF THE GALLEYS, AFTER A SKETCH BY THE DIVER, C. ROSSI.

2. CALIGULA'S GALLEY.

3. NAILS BENT ON BEING DRIVEN INTO THE WOOD OF THE VESSELS.

4. LINE OF TUNNEL PROJECTED BY SIGNOR MALFATTI TO DRAIN THE LAKE.

5. (A) NAILS IN A LEADEN PLATE; (B) IRON-SHOD PAWL; (C) HINGE; (D) SMALL ROLLERS.

6. THE APPEARANCE OF CALIGULA'S GALLEY, FROM A DIVER'S DESCRIPTION.

7. MOULDINGS OF GLAZED ENAMEL: WHITE AND RED; WHITE, RED, AND GREEN.

8. ANCIENT SHIP-CARPENTRY. (A) MORTICE AND TENON; (B) JOINT SECURED BY PINS—ELEVATION; (C) THE SAME—GROUND PLAN.

9. (A) RECONSTRUCTION OF THE DECK-STRUCTURE; (B) PLAN AND LONGITUDINAL SECTION; (C) TERRA-COTTA TUBE; (D) SECTION OF C; (E) STANCHION; (F) SECTION OF SAME; (G) LITTLE LATCH; (H) JOINT WITH NAILS AND MORTICE; (K) METAL-SHOD BEAM.

10. ON LAKE NEMI: A DIVER ABOUT TO DESCEND TO VIEW THE GALLEY OF CALIGULA.

(SEE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

REVIEWERS' VIEWS.

"FANTASIA," states the dictionary, curtly and decisively, is "a composition in a style in which form is subservient to fancy," and in "Hugo: A Fantasia on Modern Themes" (Chatto and Windus) Mr. Arnold Bennett has permitted the definition to betray him. Fearful that his work might show excess of form, he has given it. excess of fancy, fancy so gorgeously, so riotously free that it brings with it an impression of parody, a suggestion that the author has surfeited himself with Gaboriau, Anna Katherine Green, and some others, seen the humour of their extravagances, endeavoured to eclipse them, and been trapped by the flashy fascination of their type of fiction into writing something perilously akin to it. "Hugo" is Whiteley under a microscope, the Wanamaker of the West End, with the tastes of an exquisite and the instincts of an erratic shopman. The Universal Stores are his hobby—"He boasted that you could get everything there, except get into debt." He finds fun as well as money in his firm, and the reports of his staff of detectives yield him endless amusement. A syndicate seeks to purchase his business, and turn it into a limited company, but he refuses the bait. He falls in love with one of his 3500 employees, but she makes a Quixotic marriage. The two events, soon interwoven, lead to unexpected and extraordinary issues. An attempt is made to ruin his stores by wrecking one of his big sales and paragrafing the fiasco; a wax figure of Camilla, the girl he would marry, is placed in a coffin and buried; he twice burgles his rival's flat; Camilla comes to life again, and phonograph records disclose the rival's reason for pretending that his wife is dead; there is a scene in the vault in Brompton Cemetery, and Hugo drags the chloroformed Camilla from the coffin into which she has been thrust by would-be husband number two. "Fantasia: a composition in a style in which form is subservient to fancy."

There is not much ambiguity in the Anglo-Indian attitude towards the Eurasian, who, in his turn, because he is in this truly and wholly European, is keenly alive to the disabilities of his mixed blood. Few, very few, appear able to face the situation without the true-blue British "shame" that Mr. Bernard Shaw delights to castigate, the inverted self-esteem that is our national birthright. The social side of the Eurasian question is a dreary business; and as a rule the novelists, though their researches produce much curious and interesting matter, fail to elevate it. Mrs. Penny really looks like the notable exception; and even if "Caste and Creed" (Chatto and Windus) were destitute of its other excellent qualities, it would deserve notice for this reason alone. As a matter of fact, however, it is a good, sound novel, in which the vivid local colour is never allowed to divert the interest from an entertaining story. The heroine is the daughter of a Brahmini lady and a wealthy Scottish merchant, and she is finely bred on both sides, whereby hangs the serious meaning of the tale. She very properly refuses to marry an Indian civilian, who is not as grateful as he should be for escape from official shipwreck; but she has a more dangerous experience in an encounter with her mother's religion, which exercises a powerful transitory influence over her. We can heartily recommend "Caste and Creed."

There are notable actors in "The Fortune-Hunter" (Heinemann), which has been translated from the Swedish of Molander by Karin Cagney with very considerable skill. The period it describes is the reign of Gustavus Adolphus, and there is a ringing note of Swedish patriotism in it, which comes as a relief to the almost unbearable pictures of the horrors of the great war. When Wiwalt, the Swedish adventurer, rides travel-stained into the first chapter, one is ill prepared for the minute description of a sacked village that follows hard upon his appearance, and the realism of this gruesome background is so savage that it distracts the attention from the young man's rather complex movements and intentions. Georg Brandes has compared "The Fortune-Hunter" to "The Three Musketeers"; but the musketeers lived in an atmosphere of swashbuckling romance, created specially for them by Dumas' necromancy, whereas Wiwalt breathes the cruder air of history. This book, with its biting truth and conviction, makes recent English semi-historical novels present a kid-gloved appearance; it belongs to a less reticent school, and we suspect to a stronger one. The picture of Wallenstein, with his tigerish eyes and his croaking voice, is an admirably executed vignette, and may be commended to the attention of those who are ready to appreciate a masterly reconstruction of one of the great figures in history. But "The Fortune-Hunter" is not meat for babes.

Doubtless there are compensations in attaining the respectable rank of Cabinet Minister, but Mr. Birrell will hardly be able in the future to dispense to a thirsting public such very small beer as he retails in his new book of essays, "In the Name of the Bodleian" (Stock). Several of the series are simply short reviews of books, and a book-review has to be very good indeed to merit permanent preservation. Every reviewer knows that the exigencies of space prevent

him from writing the discursive essays which the subjects chosen by his victims would naturally suggest to a well-stored mind. (We all have well-stored minds: were it not so, we should write novels instead of living like vampires upon the novels of other men.) However, Mr. Birrell is always readable, except when he makes political speeches. Here he gossips pleasantly about the Bodleian, Dr. Johnson, Tom Paine, Charles Bradlaugh (how disgusted would some of these worthies be could they see in what company they rest! Birrellism makes stranger bed-fellows than even poverty). The little essay on the Free Church case, like some of its companions, reminds us that our author is a lawyer. The very scrappy study of the "Non-Jurors" shows that he sacrifices to his stereotyped method themes which would repay a larger handling. Occasionally he is openly scornful of the multitude—a terrible thing for a Radical Minister to be. Thus he writes: "What the popular or vulgar estimate of Chesterfield may be it would be hard to determine, nor is it of the least importance." Now we would not have Mr. Birrell vulgar, and he is indubitably popular, yet surely he ought to know that the general estimate of Lord Chesterfield is entirely based on Dickens's Sir John Chester in "Barnaby Rudge."

Since the publication of Gray's "Journal" the Lake District has certainly not suffered from a lack of topographical literature. But no lover of the Lakes will be other than grateful to Mr. Henry Frowde for the charming little reprint—the first that has appeared in separate form—of Wordsworth's "Guide to the Lakes" (Henry Frowde), or to the editor, Mr. Ernest de Selincourt, for his delightful and scholarly introduction. Wordsworth's "Guide" has an abiding interest—and that not merely because it is from the pen of Wordsworth. The loving analysis of the scenery, which forms the "First Section" of the text, can never fail to be read with delight by all who love the Lake Country; while the poet's vigorous protests against the encroachments of a false taste form an interesting landmark in the history of æsthetics. In addition to the "Guide," the volume contains a reprint of Wordsworth's letters to the *Morning Post* on the Kendal and Windermere Railway. We could have spared the editor's laborious collation of *varie lectiones* contained in the notes; but, as these are relegated to the end of the book—where, no doubt, the true Wordsworthian will take his customary joy in them—the ordinary reader will not find his enjoyment of the text in any way impeded. The inclusion of the six quaint old drawings was a happy thought, and adds not a little to the interest of a book which will, we trust, find its way into the portmanteau of many a traveller to the North this summer.

"A Hundred Years Hence" (Unwin), Mr. Baron Russell's forecast of an age when we shall all be completely logical and terribly neurotic, and there will be no more washerwomen, has depressed us profoundly. Vegetarianism will be compulsory, alcohol abolished, the use of dangerous intoxicants like tea and coffee restricted. There will be no such thing as sport, and the horse will have disappeared in company (apparently) with sheep and cattle. Possibly pet dogs and cats will survive; but they will evidently have to turn vegetarian. Life is to be tremendously enjoyable—and Heaven help our virtuous great-grandchildren! Mr. Russell does not recognise the elementary facts (known to all persons except sociologists) that no logical man was ever good company, and no neurotic person could be happy, even if he managed to be logical. We are, however, slightly cheered by remembering that a century ago Godwin and others were preaching the perfectibility of man—and look where we are now! Mr. Russell is not a visionary, however; he sets to work soberly to trace the probable development of arts and sciences, and shows much common-sense as regards the probable future of business life, education, journalism, and law. He assumes that moral progress must coincide with intellectual, and though he attempts to meet criticism in this matter, has not digested the fact that Nero was a much more cultured and refined man than Cato. His book is interesting, and covers a great stretch of ground, but he rather shirks the very important problem of the political rearrangement of the world. He is sure that war will be abolished. Well, the white races form but a handful of the earth's inhabitants. If they agree to abolish war, what attitude will they take towards Asiatics and negroes? Mr. Russell does not expect much from flying-machines for a long time to come, but he thinks that we shall build floating cities on the ocean and get our fuel from sea-water. Of course, aerial navigation would necessarily render national boundaries obsolete, and in time abolish war and tariffs alike, but until that problem is solved there seems to be few grounds for supposing that reason will abolish force. Mr. Russell thinks that Socialism as a political creed is doomed, but expects that the accumulation of enormous wealth in private hands will be prevented. His individualism, in fact, is of a kind that few collectivists would oppose except on theoretical grounds. He begs a great many questions by assuming that progress in the mechanical arts makes the world better or wiser, but he is not a fanatic for science as against either literature or religion. The book is interesting, especially on its scientific side, and one can agree with its author's ideals on many points without sharing his confidence as to their speedy realisation.

THE MODERN MRS. GLASSE.

"FIRST catch your hare," wrote prudent Mrs. Glasse, and the jest has made her name, if not her cookery-book, immortal. It is to be feared that the dear lady's writings have fallen into some neglect; her glory, indeed, has been dimmed by Mrs. Beeton, and seems likely to suffer total eclipse with the appearance of the new edition of the latter's formidable body of domestic doctrine, which has just issued from the house of Ward, Lock, and Co. The book is almost of the first magnitude, and is of that square-shouldered sort that most frequents the shelves of lawyers, doctors, and theologians. To gaze upon it and realise that its contents are borne about without effort in the minds of all good housewives, is to find another reason why we should prostrate ourselves mentally before our better halves. The hours of toil, practical and theoretical, they must have devoted to the art of housewifery, without letting anyone guess the task on which they were engaged, would have made any man's reputation as a student, and he would have let his family know about it. Locked doors, impositions of silence, wet towels, black coffee, and all the paraphernalia of a tremendous cramming-match, would have proclaimed his heroism to his kindred. But woman (z.e., old-fashioned woman) masters her art as a mere paragon, and man tastes of the travail thereof and is satisfied, recking not what it has cost, until the day when he confronts Mrs. Beeton's mighty tome and acknowledges the eternal superiority of woman. It is not, of course, the superiority of Miss Pellender, but with that manifestation of feminism we are not concerned here.

If Mrs. Glasse said "First catch your hare," Mrs. Beeton's implicit maxim is "First catch your housewife." So she begins with a treatise on "The Mistress," and literally takes as her text the famous passage in the Proverbs. From this it is scarcely a step to the praise of early rising, frugality, and economy. Then follows advice as to a judicious choice of friends, which reads like Hannah More: "An acquaintance who indulges in scandal about her neighbours should be avoided as a pestilence. While ever attending to the paramount claims of home, a lady should not altogether neglect social duties." For that "altogether," dear Mrs. Beeton, we thank thee. But better is to come. "Friendships should not be hastily formed [this in heavy black type], or the heart given to every newcomer. There are women who smile on every chance acquaintance and who have not the courage to reprove vice or defend virtue." But such, one fancies, will not be found among the earnest students of Mrs. Beeton. This head of Mrs. Beeton's domestic discourse ends, as it could not fail to do, with certain not unknown remarks of Polonius about grappling friends to our soul with hoops of steel, and then by the easiest transition we arrive at Hospitality, which, we learn, "should be practised, but care must be taken that the love of company for its own sake does not become a prevailing passion; such a habit is no longer hospitality, but dissipation. For, as Washington Irving says"—but we need not follow Mrs. Beeton in her literary excursions. Enough that she runs the whole gamut of the qualities and accomplishments, accidents and essentials, that make the perfect housewife: her conversation, the duty of invariable cheerfulness, dress and fashion, charity, marketing (the order is that of the discourse itself), accounts, servants, their characters, treatment, and wages; and then comes a guide to the day and its duties, with good advice upon everything, even to the ritual of leaving the dinner-table. This, in its fine attention to detail, is too perfect to be missed—

When fruit has been taken, and a glass or two of wine passed round, the time will have arrived when the hostess, after catching the eye of the lady first in precedence, rises and gives her guests the signal to retire to the drawing-room. The gentlemen will rise at the same time and the one nearest the door open (*sic*) it for the ladies, all courteously standing until the last lady has withdrawn.

Then Mrs. B. waxes historical—

In former times, when the bottle circulated freely amongst the guests, the ladies retired earlier than they do at present. Thanks, however, to the changes time has wrought, strict moderation is now invariable amongst gentlemen, and they now take but a brief interval for tobacco, talk, and coffee, before they rejoin the ladies.

Bad old times, dear Mrs. Beeton, bad old times, compared with these, when the men can "all courteously stand," and when a ritual for leaving the dinner-table is not a superfluity. Truly we live in an advanced civilisation.

Cookery, however, is the be-all and the end-all of Mrs. Beeton's "Book of Household Management" (7s. 6d.). The new edition seems to leave no department of the art untouched. Its coloured plates alone are appetising, and Chapter XIV., "General Observations on Quadrupeds," with its subdivision, "General Observations on Veal," should guarantee intelligence in the choice of meat. Nor does this exhaust the 2056 pages. Medical and legal treatises by eminent practitioners secure our health and our property, and so up-to-date is the volume that under "Domestic Servants and their Duties" we have a charming little essay on the chauffeur. His duties, it appears, are very similar to those of the coachman, so he is referred to the article on that functionary, "a careful perusal of which will instruct him in many important matters," even the use of the whip.

THE MOST-TALKED-OF BRIDE IN THE WORLD.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARTRAN.



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT.

President Roosevelt's eldest daughter, whose marriage was fixed for February 17 at the White House, Washington, has made a name for herself by her spirit and independence. Her tour of the world was something of a royal progress. Miss Roosevelt has pleased the Americans by her choice of Mr. Nicholas Longworth, Member of Congress for Cincinnati.

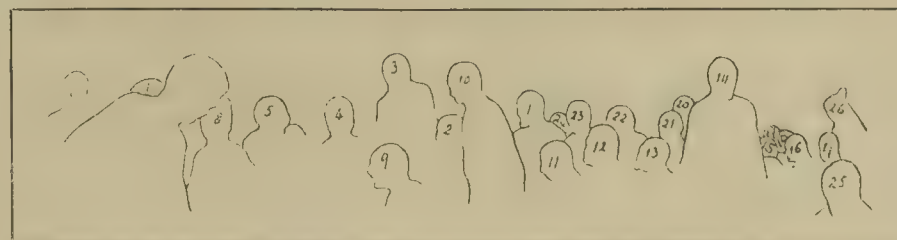
A MEETING ON WHICH THE PEACE OF EUROPE MAY DEPEND.

DRAWN BY J. SIMONT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ALGECIRAS.



A SESSION OF THE ALGECIRAS CONFERENCE ON MOROCCAN AFFAIRS.

1. The Duke of Almodovar (Spanish Foreign Minister, President).
2. Herr von Radowitz (First German Delegate).
3. Count von Tattenbach (Second German Delegate).
4. Count Welsersheimb (First Austrian Delegate).
5. Count Roziebrodzki (Second Austrian Delegate).
6. Baron Jusseus (Belgian Delegate).
7. M. de Margerie (French Secretary).
8. Mr. White (First United States Delegate).
9. Mr. Gummere (Second United States Delegate).
10. M. Revoil (First French Delegate).
11. Sir Arthur Nicolson (British Delegate).
12. The Marquis Visconti Venosta (First Italian Delegate).



13. Signor Malmusi (Italian Technical Adviser).
14. M. Regnault (Second French Delegate).
15. Count Martens Ferrao (Second Portuguese Delegate).
16. Count Cassini (First Russian Delegate).
17. M. Bacheracht (Second Russian Delegate).
18. M. Sager (Swedish Delegate).
19. Mohammed el Torres (First Moroccan Delegate).
20. Moroccan Interpreter - Secretary.
21. Sefar (Moroccan Delegate).
22. Ben Nis (Moroccan Delegate).
23. Senor Perez Caballero (Spanish Secretary).
24. Senor Montorio (Spanish Secretary).
25. Senor Pina (Spanish Secretary).
26. Moroccan Interpreter - Secretary.

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT AND HER FUTURE HOME.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ROOKWOOD SUPPLIED BY BANFORD.



MR. LONGWORTH'S MOTHER.



MISS ROOSEVELT AND MR. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT.

ROOKWOOD, Cincinnati, Ohio, has been for many generations the home of the Longworth family, and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth (*née* Alice Roosevelt) will live there when her husband retires from Congress. The house stands in the most aristocratic part of Cincinnati, and it is at present occupied by Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, widow of the late Judge Nicholas Longworth, the bridegroom's father. The American people are said to be very much gratified by Miss

independent. She has a small fortune in her own right, and on the death of her grandmother she will have more. The story goes that her grandmother and her uncle gave her cheques for her trousseau. Gossips relate that, before Mr. Roosevelt became President, he used to say, "I must keep on the right side of Alice, so that I may borrow money of her; she is the only one in the family who has got any." When Miss Roosevelt made her tour

Roosevelt is a great athlete; she rides as well as her father, is credited with knowing how to climb trees, and can manage an automobile as well as she manages a horse. She was very impatient of the schoolroom, and once, when its boredom became intolerable, she leaped out of the window and made off to the woods before her teacher knew what she was about. She delights in society, and is the gayest of the gay young people in Wash-



THE FAMOUS ITALIAN GARDEN AT ROOKWOOD, MISS ROOSEVELT'S FUTURE HOME.



ROOKWOOD, CINCINNATI, OHIO, THE HOME OF THE LONGWORTH FAMILY.

Roosevelt's choice of a husband. Patriotic Americans feared that she would be carried off by some foreign Prince; and some of the bolder papers went so far as to say, "Alice must marry an American." It is fortunate for them that Miss Roosevelt's inclination has not crossed theirs; but if it had they would have had to make the best of it, for she has shown that she is a woman of her own will. Although not rich as American girls go, Miss Roosevelt is

round the world last year, she was treated as if she had been a Princess. In the Philippine Islands, in China, Japan, and other parts of the East, she received almost royal honours. Potentates bowed before her and presented her with treasures. She threw high officers of State into the shade, and quite obscured Mr. Secretary Taft, who accompanied her, although to the outward eye the Secretary is a very visible person and weighs three hundred pounds. Miss

ington, New York, and Newport. Of course she has shocked the straitlaced, but that does not matter; for, after all, her escapades have only increased her popularity. Once during a reception of ministers' wives she broke away, rushed upstairs to the children, and joined them in sliding down the bannisters, returning afterwards to the receiving line; fortified for the ordeal by her excursion into unconventionality.



MR. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.



THE ART GALLERY AND MUSIC-ROOM AT ROOKWOOD.



MR. LONGWORTH'S FATHER.



THE LAUNCH OF THE BIGGEST BATTLE-SHIP IN THE WORLD: H.M.S. "DREADNOUGHT" AFTER SHE LEFT THE WAYS AT PORTSMOUTH, FEBRUARY 10.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.

The "Dreadnought" which is to outclass every fighting-ship in the world, was laid down only on October 2 last, and has been built with extraordinary speed. The details of her construction have been kept secret as far as possible, but it is known that her armament will be heavier than that of any war-vessel, and

when she left the building-yard last Saturday she was seen to be very different from existing battle-ships. She will mount ten 12-inch guns, and eighteen 3-inch guns to repel torpedo attacks. The "Dreadnought" was launched by the King, but the ceremonies were greatly curtailed owing to the Court mourning.

THE PRINCE'S HALTING-PLACE ON FEBRUARY 17: DAULATABAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHNSTON AND HOFFMANN AND THE EXCLUSIVE NEWS AGENCY.

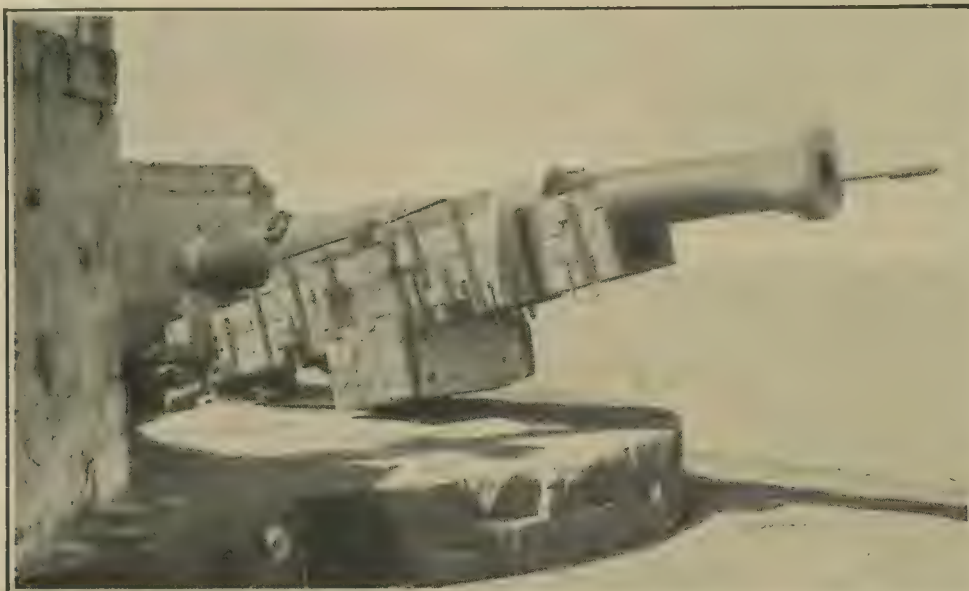


ANCIENT BRIDGE AT DAULATABAD.



THE FORT AT DAULATABAD.

DAULATABAD, visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales on February 17, is one of the most picturesque places in the dominions of the Nizam of Hyderabad. From the city of Hyderabad itself Daulatabad is twenty-eight miles distant. On a conical rock, 600 feet high, stands the fortress, surrounded by a wide ditch and a wall nearly three miles in circumference. In



GREAT CANNON AT DAULATABAD FORT.

1294 the place surrendered to the Mohammedans, and Shah Muhammad Tughlak (1324-51) three times attempted to transfer the seat of government hither from Delhi. It is many years since the fortress has been garrisoned, and the town itself has fallen greatly into decay. In the fort are some curious ancient arms, including the great gun here figured. Daulatabad has long been famed for its purple grapes.



A PICTURESQUE AVENUE AT DAULATABAD.



THE MAGNIFICENT VIEW FROM THE FORT, DAULATABAD.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE ARAKAN PAGODA.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BURMAH.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS BEFORE THE STATUE OF GAUDAMA, THE NATIONAL IMAGE OF ARAKAN.

The Arakan Pagoda enshrines the famous Mahuni brass statue of Gaudama—the national image of Arakan—in a central hall surrounded by a wide arcade and crowned by a many-storeyed roof. Several wars were waged for possession of this image. The figures in the foreground with the shaven heads are Burmese nuns; beside them are urns containing votive offerings. The Burmese smoke in their temples, but not when actually engaged in prayer.

BRITISH ROYALTY ON A BURMESE STATE BARGE AT MANDALAY.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BURMAH.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES ON BOARD THE BURMESE ROYAL BARGE ON THE MOAT OF THEEBAW'S PALACE.

During the royal visit to Mandalay, native boat-races were held on the moat of the palace. The Prince and Princess went on board the extraordinary State Barge that once belonged to King Theebaw. The vessel was towed by two boats lashed together. The Royal Standard and the Union Jack were hoisted on the barge.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN THEEBAW'S PALACE.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BURMAH.



DOORWAYS OF DEGREES: THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT ONE OF THE GOLDEN DOORWAYS
IN KING THEEBAW'S PALACE, MANDALAY.

In King Theebaw's Palace several golden doors lead from one suite of rooms to another. These doors are marks of precedence. One was used by the King, one by the Queen, and the others by the suite. They may, indeed, have solved the question of precedence in difficult cases.

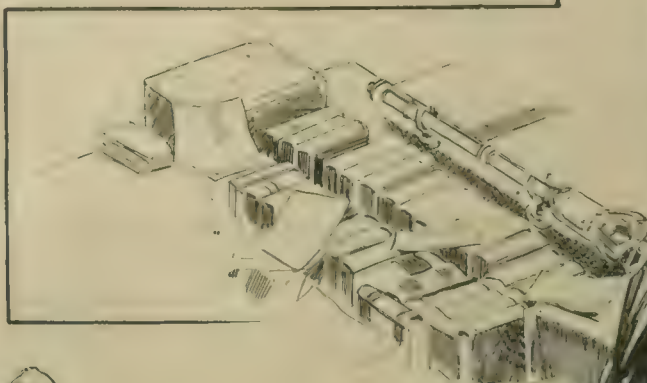
PARLIAMENTARY PITFALLS: PERPLEXITIES OF NEW MEMBERS.

SKETCHES BY MAX COWPER.



DONT SNORE WHEN YOU GO TO SLEEP DURING A DEBATE

"ORDER! ORDER!" DONT GET BETWEEN
THE SPEAKER & A MEMBER WHO IS MAKING
A SPEECH. IT BRINGS DOWN THE HOUSE



DONT LOOK AS IF YOU
WERE AT A FUNERAL WHEN
TAKING THE OATH



DONT LOSE YOUR MOST IMPORTANT
NOTE WHEN SPEAKING



DONT GET UNDULY ALARMED WHEN STOPPED
BY THE MIGHTY ARM OF THE LAW



DERELICTS



DONT GO DINING WHEN THERE
IS LIKELY TO BE A DIVISION



DONT BRING ON A VIOLENT HEADACHE
ALTHOUGH THE DIVISION BELL RINGS WHILE YOU ARE
HAVING A BATH

TROUBLES OF THE INEXPERIENCED MEMBER.

(SEE ARTICLE.)

The Standard Cure for Corpulence

From All Chemists &c

Antipon

Price 2s6d and 4s6d

REGD TRADE MARK

PERMANENTLY CURES OBESITY

Antipon "gets a grip" on fat.

YES, that is the expression which defines the wonderful action of that wonderful remedy, Antipon, now famous the wide world over; it "gets a grip" on fat; it destroys by gradual but rapid absorption all the superfluous, all the diseased, fatty deposits that clog the system, and at the same time eradicates the fatal tendency to "make fat"—that tendency which seems to defy the most determined attempts to bring down the weight by a rigorously limited dietary. Antipon does not exact any disagreeable restrictions as to food and drink. Quite the contrary. Its splendid tonic action on the digestive organs has the effect of promoting a hearty appetite and assisting digestion, assimilation, and nutrition. The result is obvious. The wholesome food consumed in normal quantities, and thoroughly digested, goes to make rich new blood, which in turn goes to create new muscular tissue, bone tissue, nerve tissue, brain tissue. In the human body there is a constant alternation of exhaustion and repair. It stands to reason, therefore, that when the dangerous old-time processes of reducing weight were indulged in—processes which were generally nothing better

than gradual starvation, aggravated by mineral drugging, cathartics, sweating, and other abuses—the exhaustion exceeded the repair. Hence poor blood (anæmia), loss of vitality, depression, faintness, dizziness, and other evils. The system cannot stand such a strain. Nature rebels, and the worst consequences ensue. The Antipon treatment is, then, based on the principle that while the drain of fat-reduction is going on strength must be increased by "feeding-up." That is why this wonderful treatment has found favour with the highest authorities, and, to judge by the constantly increasing demand, with the stout portion of the world's inhabitants as well.

Antipon "gets a grip" on fat from the beginning. Within twenty-four hours after taking the first doses there is a decrease ranging from 8oz. to 3 lb.—in extreme cases the latter figure is often exceeded—and this is followed always by a daily diminution, sure, steady, and satisfactory, until normal conditions of weight and proportions are lastingly re-established. The doses may be discontinued forthwith. The tendency to stoutness, as we have pointed out, is eradicated.

Stout people are not always aware of the risks they run. There forms about the vital organs, within and without, a mass of fatty matter which gradually encroaches on the freedom of action of those organs, especially the heart. Fatty degeneration ensues, sometimes with fatal results. Antipon removes all this fatty matter, and the beneficial effect is obvious. Sincerely, no stout person, however disappointed he or she may have been with the remedies they have tried, should neglect to try the Antipon treatment, which has the crowning virtue of being comparatively inexpensive.

Antipon is composed of pure and harmless vegetable substances in a liquid form. It is agreeably and refreshingly tart, and in appearance like a light red French wine. It can be taken at all times without inconvenience or any disquieting after-effects.

Antipon is sold in bottles, prices 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Colonial Readers of "The Illustrated London News" will be glad to know that Antipon is stocked by Wholesale Druggists in Australasia, South Africa, Canada, India, &c., and may always be obtained by ordering through a local Chemist or Stores.

CARRON

"ESTO" FIRE GRATES.

The result of practical and scientific investigation on the part of Carron Company to place on the market a fire grate guaranteed to throw out a uniform, genial, and healthy heat, and to effect complete combustion and saving of fuel. This fuel-saving feature alone justifies the removal of the old grate and the installation of an "ESTO." The bottom grate, concave in shape, forms with front bar a "well" shaped cavity, which experience has proved to be the most perfect contrivance for combustion.

Can be fitted to a large variety of attractively-designed grates.

Sold by all Ironmongers and Hardwaremen, and can be inspected at the Company's various Showrooms.

Write for No. 54 "Esto" Fire List.

CARRON COMPANY

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER 1879

CARRON, Stirlingshire.

Agencies and Showrooms: London (City and West End), Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Bristol, Birmingham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Dublin and Southampton.




Benger's Food

Restful Nights.

Sleep comes most readily when there is no digestive disturbance.

Benger's Food is so easy of assimilation that it is absorbed by the most delicate without the slightest irritation. Infants thrive on "Benger's," and delicate and aged persons enjoy it, deriving comfort and nourishment when other foods disagree.

The ILLUSTRATED MEDICAL NEWS says—
 "Infants do remarkably well on it, and it is most suitable for many conditions of adults and old people. There is certainly a great future before it."

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LADIES' PAGE.

It is a great disappointment, of course, to the numerous débutantes who were going to the first Courts, in order to open their season, that the Queen's bereavement has made a postponement necessary; but sympathy with the gracious lady who feels so for others is the only emotion expressed. It is understood that the Courts will be held not later than May, and should her Majesty

delightful books in her very early years; I have asked a dozen such girls, and all knew "Little Women." The complaint which is also made in the article that Scott, Thackeray, and other "classic" novelists are neglected by girls now is probably accurate; but what is to be really deplored is not so much the neglect by average young readers of the great writers of the past as the content that seems to be felt by them with the worst kind of newly written fiction. Ruskin has pointed out very truly that "if we calculate the hours during the possible duration of life that can be employed in reading, and the number of books possible to read therein," we shall see how limited is the number, and therefore "how careful we should be in choosing the volumes." The establishment of elementary schooling for the whole community and the wide provision of free libraries has, in fact, resulted in a vast increase of the most inferior class of literature and the lowering of the standard of general publication; and it is indeed deplorable. But who can suggest a practical remedy? It might, perhaps, be of some use if our upper-form school reading-books were less composed of short "snippets," as almost invariably they are at the present time, and gave instead more continuous selections from the available respectable literary works, such as stories for girls at school like Miss Alcott's. Another excellent writer whom most High School girls thoroughly appreciate is the late Miss Edna Lyall. She is to have a memorial in another form than the best one of her own works. She resided at Eastbourne with her sister, who is the wife of a Church clergyman in the town; and a subscription is being raised to place a memorial window to her in the church which her brother-in-law serves. After all, there is a fair supply of good literature purchased and read amidst too much trash.

The blouse is a garment that has obtained a firm hold on feminine affections, and small wonder, for its possibilities cover the whole range of sartorial art. What occasion is there, from a country walk in rough weather to a restaurant dinner, for which a blouse of the proper relative degrees of smartness will not go far towards making a suitable toilette? Yet despite this fact the blouse would depart into the limbo of discarded fashions, to join many another convenient and becoming style of costume, did it not show itself possessed of an ingenious adaptability and willingness to accommodate itself to Dame Fashion's latest caprices. In the near past, when every dress was possessed of a pouched front, blouses were likewise full and capable of being well puffed out; while now that our gowns are made fitting tightly to our figures, the enterprising blouse blossoms forth, made to fit snugly likewise, or at least cleverly simulating this effect by means of artistic drapings or deep swathed belts. Nevertheless, blouses for morning wear and other distinctly useful occasions are still cut more or less loosely fitting, as this is undoubtedly the style that makes for comfort. Even these less ornate garments, however, are not possessed of the superabundance of pouching material that was the glory of the blouse of yesterday.

Some pretty designs suitable for various occasions have recently been prepared for the trousseau of a young bride, who is always well conversant with and attentive to the latest details

of "what is worn." One particularly dainty specimen is for demi-toilette wear. It is of ecru net slightly full into a deep folded waistbelt of heliotrope satin. Straight down the front is arranged a flat band of guipure lace, trimmed along each side with a close narrow ruche of heliotrope satin; over the shoulders, and drawn down to the waistbelt both back and front is a flat collar of point d'Alençon, also edged with the silk ruching. A second blouse in this trousseau is of white net, with a yoke of white lace, round which comes a net fichu that fits into the white folded silk belt; the yoke is adorned and the fichu fastened on with many small rosettes of rose-pink gauze, each centred by a blue enamel and paste button. A third is of soft white silk, full over a pointed Louis waistbelt of the same, and trimmed with a broad band of guipure lace that passes flatly round the shoulders, and crosses over in front, this being edged on both sides with a narrow frilling of gold tissue, while the yoke is of fine gold-embroidered net. In each case the sleeves are puffs to the elbow, finished with lace frills. Another blouse model is a silver-grey crêpe-de-Chine, with a deep belt of peacock-blue velvet; over the belt comes a large butterfly-shaped motif of Irish point spangled with copper-coloured sequins, a similar ornament adorning the yoke. The sleeves in this case are deep loops of crêpe-de-Chine caught up at the end into an armet of velvet midway between shoulder and elbow. Yet another was composed entirely of overlapping rows of narrow snowy-white Valenciennes lace. It was very slightly pouched over a deep folded belt of bright magenta glacé silk. Not much ornamentation is required by such lacy daintiness. What there was consisted of several medium-sized medallions of the brilliant-hued silk, each one completely covered by circles of the lace, through which the bright colour showed as a subdued hue. Tiny medallions of the same description seemed to form the fastening of the deep belt. Another model was made of white glacé silk on which was a narrow black line; the blouse was made with a front and epaulettes of lace, the silk just below the epaulettes and collar being laid in tiny tucks over the bust. At frequent intervals, dependent on the pattern of the lace, circlets cut out of pale-blue velvet about the size of a shilling were laid on, while a tiny piping of the same turquoise velvet finished off the edge of the silk wherever it met the lace.

This is the dullest period for news in the world of dress. The new notions are carefully concealed—are, indeed, scarcely defined in their "creator's" own brains. It is, nevertheless, understood that the possibilities of Empire and Princess styles are occupying the most serious thoughts in the autocratic minds of the leading lights in the designing of costumes, and there seems little doubt that modifications of these styles will be largely employed, at least for evening gowns and the smarter type of visiting toilette. Those figures which can show to advantage in tight-fitting gowns are naturally much less plentiful than those that can pass muster in costumes where fullness of material can be employed to conceal weak points and make the most of those that are favourable. None of this kindly dodging and manœuvring on the part of the *couturière* is possible when the uncompromising severity of outline of a genuine Princess gown is concerned. Such a cut of costume imperatively demands graceful proportions, an upright carriage, and—alas for dress reformers!—a slender waist. Yet many whose figures fall short of perfection and who yet sigh after adopting this stern grace of line need not despair. Wonderful are the works of the skilled corsetière! The little plump woman will make a great mistake in rushing into spring frocks in the Princess style; but a moderately tall and reasonably slender figure will find this mode most becoming.

The Empire cut, even more than the Princess, demands a special corset. It may seem that this is not so, since the waist proper is to a large extent concealed by the flowing draperies from the bust of the Empire skirt. The fact is, nevertheless, that the figure that is drawn in to the usual waist-line by ordinary corsets cannot look right in this modern adaptation of ancient Greek draperies. The Empire is a style that is well suited to rather full figures, and Napoleon's wife, the Empress Josephine, who patronised it first, was decidedly largely built. The heavier portion of a dress of this type is always above the bust, and the



A POLONAISE IN CLOTH.

The revers both at the bust and the lower edge of the polonaise are richly embroidered with braid; the vest, of a lighter cloth, shows braid frogs and buttons. The new "billycock" hat is worn.

not feel equal then to being present in person, she will follow the example set by the late Queen of delegating one of the Princesses to represent her on the occasion. The ceremonies attendant on the entry of Lord and Lady Aberdeen on their Irish office have been curtailed of something of their brilliance by the necessity of wearing black, but the welcome given to this kind-hearted and gracious pair by those who remember their last term in Dublin has been very warm. Lady Aberdeen has resigned *pro tem.* her offices in the Women's Liberal Federation, explaining that she holds it inconsistent to retain party position while her husband is representing the Sovereign.

A number of women—I have the names of nine—voted at the recent General Election. Of course their names were on the register by accident; they appeared, as do those of hundreds of thousands of other women, on the rate-collector's list, and having names capable of being mistaken for men's they were transferred to that other list which, in the case of men, means representation to correspond with the taxation. Every woman thus accidentally entitled to cast her ballot did so; thus proving that women would value and use the "kingliest right of freemen" if they were given that right. It is quite a mistake, however, to suppose, as many of the newspapers have asserted is the case, that these are the first women who have ever voted: there has been no election since 1867, at which date the rate-book became to all intents and purposes the register for men, at which some one or more women have not been accidentally included in the voting list, and on every occasion these women exercised the franchise. A more interesting fact than these few "sporadic" cases of women electors, however, is the demand now being made by a large body of Scotch women University graduates that they ought to have been given voting papers for the University Parliamentary representatives. A meeting is to be held by these ladies at an early date, and it is possible that they may claim that the elections are invalid on account of their not having been given the opportunity of voting, inasmuch as the Act of Parliament distinctly states that every graduate is to have a ballot. A short time ago, a petition asking for the vote was presented to Parliament, signed by no fewer than 750 women University graduates.

An article in one of the leading reviews on the reading of present-day girls in High Schools asserts that the late Miss Alcott's "Little Women" and the rest of her works are not read by the damsels in their teens to-day. It is far more probable that every girl has already become familiar with those short and



THE EMPIRE FASHION AS A DINNER-GOWN.

This black chiffon velvet dinner-dress is cut in the present Empire style, relieved by a chemisette of white lace, and trimmed with fancy buttons and ribbon velvet.

skirt is kept as light as possible, as otherwise it is apt to drag a little out of shape, even on the first wearing. The Princess dress, on the other hand, is cut most wide and full well below the waist-line, because it is there that the weight serves a useful purpose, keeping down the line to the figure about the waist. If this point be not kept in mind the evening frocks in the respective styles will not wear satisfactorily. An Empire bodice may well be heavy, such as wholly of coat-of-mail jet, or trimmed with a broad band of sequin passementerie. The Princess dress, if it is wanted to be much trimmed at the top, ought to have the heavy line of trimming set upon a distinct under-bodice of lining silk; but it is best to avoid any such heavy weight round the shoulders, and to finish the Princess design with lace, chiffon roses, handsome motifs of lightly sequined embroidery and the like, round the top of the corsage. Such dresses, while the latest expression of fashion, are still, however, for the few who do not mind taking the lead.

FILOMENA.

'HOW NOBLE IN REASON! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension, how like a God!'

'Nature listening whilst Shakespeare played, and wondered at the work herself had made.'—CHURCHILL.

HIS MIND WAS THE HORIZON BEYOND WHICH AT PRESENT WE CANNOT SEE.—EMERSON.

SHAKESPEARE,

THE SAGE AND SEER OF THE HUMAN HEART.

FORGIVENESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE. 'He taught the Divineness of Forgiveness, Perpetual Mercy, Constant Patience, Endless Peace, Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show HIM! I know him not! If he had appeared as a Divine they would have Burned Him; as a Politician, they would have Beheaded Him; but Destiny made him a Player.'—THE REV. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

'I find no human soul so beautiful these fifteen hundred years!'—CARLYLE.

A MAJESTIC AND IMPERISHABLE INHERITANCE. 'These Divine and Immortal Plays; the embodiment of all the Ages, Wisdom, and Philosophy, and the Majestic and Imperishable Inheritance of the English speaking race, should be read by all young men and women, being as they are Enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of Virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honourable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity.'—CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

'HE WAS THE MASTER OF THE REVELS TO MANKIND.'



From a Painting by P. F. Poole, R.A. CYMBELINE, Act 3, Scene 6.

On the character of Imogen, who is here pictured disguised as a boy offering payment for food found in the cave of Belarius. Shakespeare lavished all the fascination of his genius; she is the crown and flower of his conception of tender and artless womanhood. Imogen: 'Good Masters, harm me not. . . . Here's money for my meat.' Guiderius: 'Money, youth?' Arviragus: 'All gold and silver rather turn to dirt' as 'tis no better reckoned, but of those who worship dirty Gods!'

'It has been my happy lot to impersonate not a few ideal women. . . . but Imogen has always occupied the largest place in my heart.'—HELEN FAUCIT.

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O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

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MONTE CARLO.

Society has adopted the Riviera. The weather prevailing during winter along the "Côte d'Azur" has proved an irresistible attraction to those who dread cold and foggy Northern climes and seek for spring in winter. Traveling has been brought up to date. Cross-Channel services, admirably arranged, have familiarised not only Society but also the great majority with the charms of the land of the olive and myrtle and the flowering orange-tree sung by Mignon. Clouds clear away as we pass the narrow streak of water bridged over by the *entente cordiale*. Then comes bright sunshine to greet the traveller at early morning as the "trains-de-luxe" make their way towards Avignon and Marseilles. A cloudless sky lights the blue waters of the Mediterranean, glints on the purple rocks or on the pine-forests which offer cool retreats on the hillsides. Cannes and Nice are left behind. The bay of Villefranche, with the old-world town on the one side and Cap Ferrat on the other, brings one to Beaulieu, in the midst of tall Alpine hills distinguished by the Tête-de-Chien, which overhangs the Principality of Monaco. Old chronicles tell how the hand of man transformed the rude and barren rock into a terrestrial Paradise. Palatial hotels and magnificent

villas have been built round and about the gardens of the Casino, which stands in the midst of those fairy-like plantations where the fresh spring flowers we are accustomed to see in April are blooming in the midst of all the

Although the tariffs at some of the leading hotels would seem to make the Principality very exclusive, such is not the case, and there is accommodation for all classes of travellers. The train service between Cannes and the

Italian frontier enables visitors to live at other places, such as Nice, Beaulieu, and Mentone. Monte Carlo is, however, the centre of attraction along the Riviera. There is always something doing, something to be done. There is the lawn-tennis close to the International Sporting Club, where the most brilliant exponents play exhibition matches during the season. There is the morning promenade on the terrace, where men and women meet to exchange small talk and discuss news. In the afternoon there are pretty excursions and drives, while others can find amusement in the drogeries of the "stars" of Parisian music-halls engaged at the Palais des Beaux-Arts, which combines an admirable collection of paintings, statuary, etc., with a theatre. There are modern and classic concerts, choicest music interpreted by an orchestra famous throughout Europe, while in the evening, the



THE CASINO AND PIGEON-SHOOTING GALLERY.

luxuriant tropical flora in the middle of January. The palm and the aloe, the cactus and the yucca, adorn the broad terraces which seem to overhang the turquoise sea. Monte Carlo has become essentially a Society resort.

handsome theatre, the *chef d'œuvre* of Charles Garnier, is open for performance of the best pieces from the Parisian repertoire or for introducing the best operatic singers of the day to a choice, cosmopolitan, audience.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Bishop of Stepney has never spoken more admirably than in his sermon at St. Paul's on the Church and the Labour Party. "With what spirit," he asked, "shall we watch the entry of this new and fateful power? Certainly with intense interest; doubtless with some anxiety; but surely also with faith and hope." Dr. Gordon Lang bases his satisfaction partly on the hope that a resolute effort will now be made to better the social condition of the people. He also rejoices in the breaking up of that indifference which has so long been the chief source of discouragement to workers among the poor.

The present S.P.G. house in Delahay Street has been sold for £27,500. After the freehold of the new site is paid for, there will remain over £10,000 towards the

erection of the house, the cost of which will not be less than £20,000. The sum needed will not be taken from the general funds, but raised by special contribution.

The Bishop of Southwell has made an earnest appeal for more generous giving on the part of wealthy members of the Church of England. "We shall never get people to love their Church," he said at a recent meeting, "until they pay for it as Nonconformists and Roman Catholics pay for theirs." The Bishop added that he knows many working men who give a shilling per week, and wealthy men who never contribute more than a shilling, to the offertory.

Bishops Ingham and Thornton are expected to assist Dr. Knox in the August

mission. he will conduct this year on Blackpool sands. Local clergymen and University undergraduates are also placing their help at the disposal of the Bishop of Manchester.

The Bishop of London, who has watched with keen admiration the self-sacrificing work of the Rev. Wilson Carile in connection with the Church Army, has appointed him to the vacant prebendal stall in St. Paul's Cathedral. Mr. Carile has accepted the offer as a token of appreciation by the Church of the devoted labours of the workers in the Church Army throughout the world.

The sermons and speeches of the Bishop of Birmingham are always worth following closely. In an address given recently at Hampstead, he said that "St. Paul thought

MATERIAL FOR COOLIE BANDSMEN AT JUMPERS DEEP.

it right, in the earlier part of his life, when he was not in affluence, as he was later, to take no payment for his ministerial work, but to continue as a tent-maker." These words, "as he was later," open up an interesting study for readers of the Pauline literature. How and through whom did St. Paul acquire affluence? We know that he lived in his own hired house at Rome, yet we feel that he would have come triumphantly out of the scrutiny which Dr. Gore indicates when he says, "In no matter are ministers more narrowly watched than to see if they are covetous and money-lovers."

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to grant to the Hôtel Métropole and the Whitehall Rooms, London, a warrant of appointment as caterers to his Majesty.

Messrs. Burroughes and Watts have forwarded 100 guineas to the fund which has been opened at the London and Westminster Bank for subscriptions towards the "John Roberts Testimonial."



CHINESE COOLIES AS MUSICIANS: THE BRASS BAND AT JUMPERS DEEP MINE.

The first tune the band learned to play was "God Save the King."

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(The Popular Wednesday Illustrated Journal of Society and the Stage)

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said BOVRIL?

"I" said the
player;

"Because I need
a stayer—

"I said

Bovril"



FOOTS'

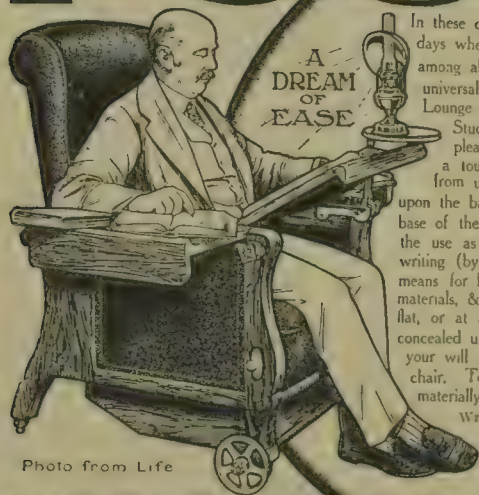


Photo from Life

A
DREAM
OF
EASE

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DEWAR'S

THE WHISKY OF THE WISE

MUSIC.

ON a recent Saturday afternoon, at the Bechstein Hall, Madame Carreño gave one of the most interesting piano recitals of the present season. In these days, when great pianists are wont to make a specialty of the works of one master, the player who ventures boldly into the realms of all the virtuosi runs special risks from the inevitable comparisons. Madame Carreño, who started with the Waldstein Sonata and passed from Beethoven to Chopin, Rubinstein, and Liszt, might have been pardoned if she had disappointed those of us who are perfectly familiar with highly specialised renderings of the works of these masters; but from the first to the last—or, to be more accurate, from the opening of the adagio of the sonata to the end of the performance—Madame Carreño held a large audience



SIR THOMAS CUNINGHAME AND QUEEN-REGENT IN HER PRESENTATION DRESS.

whose qualities of expression and restraint left so little to be desired, whose representation was so wholly and admirably artistic, and whose changing moods were so finely and intimately related to the character of the music she interpreted. Madame Carreño has been for some time before the London public, and the years have availed to ripen her gifts, until to-day she is one of the most finished artists to be heard in London. Her playing and Madame Camilla Landi's singing register the high-water mark of woman's achievements in music.

At the Queen's Hall Mr. Henry Wood has succeeded in bringing Mozart, Brahms, and Richard Strauss together within the brief two hours of the concert platform. To include the Haffner Symphony in D, the double concerto for violin and 'cello, and the "Don Quixote" music was an achievement that spoke well for the daring of the

Prince.

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Slave.



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SIR THOMAS CUNINGHAME AND THE SWAZI QUEEN-REGENT.

enthralled by renderings that are essentially her own and by a sincerity of purpose and a freedom from mere virtuosity as charming as they are rare. A player of infinite moods and never-failing technical accomplishment of the first order, with the capacity for extracting from the piano a variety of tone-colour that has a quality one associates with a full orchestra, Madame Carreño gave us music that was individual without eccentricity, and had, moreover, the exquisite quality of restraint that makes the listener realise that

he hears the works of a great master rather than the caprices of a clever interpreter. The reading of the Waldstein had many uncommon aspects, some so new that we should have hesitated to accept them but for their dignified sincerity; and in the Chopin music it was curious to note how the player seemed to realise every shade of emotion, however subtle, with scarcely any use at all of the much-abused *rubato*. Since we listened with delight in days long past to Madame Sophie Menter, we have never heard the woman pianist

conductor and the complacency of the audience. The contrast between the rigid classicism of Brahms and the extraordinarily free writing of Strauss was almost violent, and left one with the uneasy feeling that for all his extraordinary ability Strauss does not always rise above the temptation of playing to his gallery. The sunny serenity of Mozart and the stately calm of Brahms made their more modern brother sound almost vulgar now and again. At the same time we can never forget that "Don Quixote" is a fantasy, and that in setting it to music a

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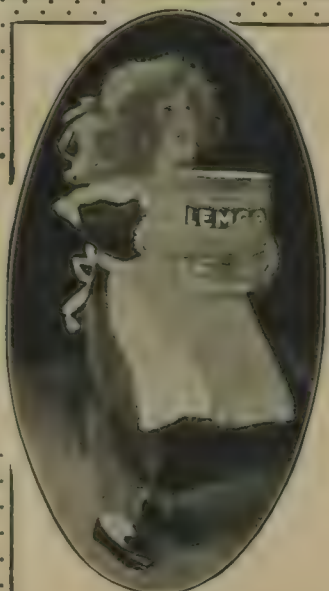


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measure of extravagance is permissible that would be clearly out of place in dealing with a more serious theme. As in so much more of his work, Strauss contrives to change a mood of impatience into one of admiration by deftly arranged passages of uncommon beauty, that seem to be timed to intervene when the bizarre effects have proved a little trying to nerves and temper. Herr Hugo Becker, who played the difficult 'cello part, distinguished himself greatly, and was associated with Mr. Maurice Sons in an admirable rendering of the Brahms concerto. The London Academy of Music has been to the

his young players the ample tone that is so frequently to seek from amateur orchestras, but he secured renderings of works like the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert distinguished by an altogether uncommon measure of intelligence and appreciation. M. Ortman never fails to give satisfactory proof of his many attainments when he is standing at the conductor's desk, and whether he be presiding over veterans of music like the members of the London Symphony Orchestra or comparative tyros like the students at the London Academy, he seems to be able to bring out the best that is in them.

of the Swans," and is from the painting by Fred Morgan. The work of reproduction has been carried out with admirable skill by Messrs. C. W. Faulkner



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The Right Hon. Lord James of Hereford has been presented by the Board of Consolidation for the Coal Trade of the Federated Districts with a massive sterling silver, finely chased, two-handled "Strap" bowl, with two beakers to match, designed and executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, W. The testimonial is in recognition of his Lordship's unfailing courtesy and his wise and impartial discharge of the duties of the Chairman of the Board from the year 1898 to the present time.

Queen's Hall and given an orchestral concert under the direction of M. René Ortman, whom we regard as a very serious and gifted conductor. If the general standard of the London Academy's work is to be judged by the performances of the soloists who appeared on the occasion of the concert, one can only remark that M. Ortman has all the testimonial that any man could desire from the orchestra. He did not only obtain from

In short, the London Academy concert was a significant testimonial to M. Ortman's well-considered and devoted work.

We have received from Messrs. Bovril, Limited, an artist's proof of the engraving they are issuing in connection with their fine-art scheme, already made popular by the firm. This year's plate is entitled "The Home



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and Co., and, taken altogether, the engraving is one which many art-lovers will doubtless desire to possess. It is an excellent interpretation of the original.

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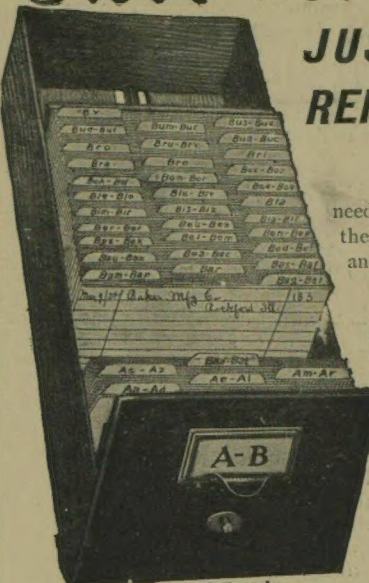
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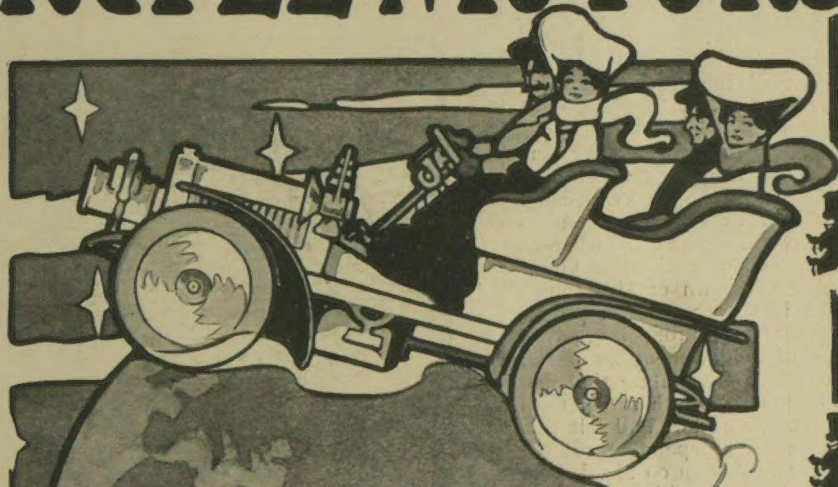


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ART NOTES.

THE Independent Art of the day is, one supposes, the art that has nought to do with Burlington House. But we think the title inept, for in the Academical circle are such independent painters as Mr. Clausen and Mr. Sargent, while in every club may be found the dependence upon the "clique," or upon the individual of most power. But if the word is to be forced into the exclusive meaning of unacademical, then Independent Art is admirably represented at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery in Bond Street. Among the "Examples of Independent Art of To-day: English, Scottish, and Irish," will be found the work of nearly every young painter of merit.

True Mr. John, the strong man of the New English Art Club, is not here. This we regret, because it is always with a certain eagerness that we scan the walls whereon Mr. John is expected. For, knowing what is known of Mr. John's work, it is far too mild a phrase to say that it is promising. But, painter of achievement as he is, it is always to the future that one looks for his real worth rather than to the past. And we had felt this exhibition of independent art to be rather dependent on Mr. John's success or failure, either of which would have been more interesting than a blank.

The title of independence having been denied to any painter within the Academical radius, the list of exhibitors at Messrs. Agnew's is necessarily without many of the most notable names in contemporary British art. Of those who are independent without that radius we can only express the wish that they were within it, enlarging it and strengthening it with the proper stuff. Were Mr. Steer, Mr. Conder, Mr. Orpen, Mr. C. H. Shannon, Mr. Lavery, and Mr. Ricketts helping to the councils of the Academy, the public would be spared the constant disappointment of Academical mis-elections, of mis-hangings, of sins of omission and commission. It has been proved futile to attempt reforms from the other side of Piccadilly—Burlington House still stands, while the Egyptian Hall has returned to dust; so they must come from within. Let the reformers troop in regiments

into the Royal Academy and join hands with that small company of heroes who are faithful found in the hostile camp of the Philistines.

Mr. C. H. Shannon's "Tibullus in the House of Delia" is one of the best-considered compositions that we have seen from the brush of a master always accomplished, if sometimes too mannered, in this respect. The disposition of the figures is full of beauty; the colour is no less considered, and is moreover rich and rare. The grouping of the heads, which are clustered together

to greet any religious fervour in modern art. Space does not allow us to deal with the admirable skill of characterisation and draughtsmanship in Mr. Orpen's "The Wash-House"; of the beauty and power of Mr. Wilson Steer's "Summer"; of the good qualities of Mr. Rothenstein's "Aliens at Prayer," in which the successes of this painter's last picture at the New English Art Club are repeated; of the able works by Mr. Peppercorn, Mr. Lavery, Mr. Strang, Mr. Conder, who has made a return to beauty in his "River Nymph"; Mr. McEvoy, Mr. James Pryde, and Mr. Roger Fry.

For extremes in art, let the visitor to the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House walk across Piccadilly and down into Bury Street, his eye still pondering "Miss Adney" or "Gainsborough's Daughters." There, at the Carfax Gallery, Mr. Graham Robertson holds an exhibition of paintings in the manner so essentially different from Gainsborough that the most voracious appetite for contrast will be satisfied. Art can be approached by a thousand paths; and individuality is a gift of gifts; yet one yearns to-day, even amid our more accomplished works, for fuller evidence of that intense study which is at the base of Gainsborough's delightful ease. Many of Mr. Graham Robertson's pictures are already familiar to us from their exhibition in other galleries, "The Sisters of Cinderella" and the "Nellie Farren" portrait among others. With the paintings are shown drawings for "Old English Songs and Dances" and other of the attractive books with which Mr. Graham Robertson has been connected. These drawings are charming, and the scheme of colour, and the way that colour is produced by "experiments in search of lost methods of William Blake" in colour-printing, is extremely satisfactory.

The Orient Steam Navigation Company intimate that their s.s. *Ormuz* will make a forty-one days' pleasure cruise in the Mediterranean in March. The *Ormuz* will leave London on March 1 and Marseilles on the 8th, and will visit Vigo, Gibraltar, Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, Egypt (for Cairo), Malta, and Sicily, returning to London on April 11.



AN ARTISTIC POSTER.

Hanging at Euston and other stations on the London and North Western Railway system may be seen two new artistic posters, produced to illustrate the company's service to and from Dublin. Compared with even the most up-to-date work of the sort, they are immeasurably in advance of anything attempted before. We have pleasure in reproducing one of them on this page.

towards the centre of the canvas, recalls Rossetti's favourite scheme of design. There is less of Rossetti and there are more of the familiar characteristics of Mr. Shannon himself in "The Mill Pond." Mr. Ricketts is never less than moving in his religious canvases. There is in his treatment of such subjects as "The Betrayal" the salt of imagination; Christ's life would have been ill told if it had not stirred the higher faculties; we think it stirs the higher faculties of this painter. Rarely indeed is it possible

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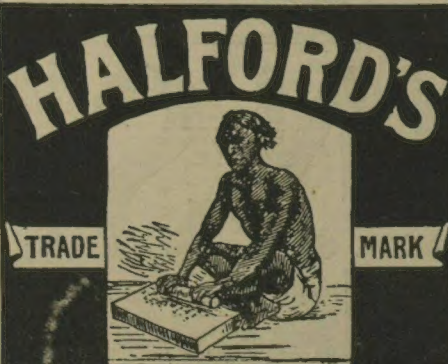
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (made on March 12, 1903) of the RIGHT REV. CHARLES JOHN ELLICOTT, D.D., formerly Bishop of Gloucester, of 35, Great Cumberland Place, and Tresco, Birchington-on-Sea, who died on Oct. 15, has been proved by Mrs. Constantia Anne Ellicott, the widow, Judge Arthur Becher Ellicott, the son, and Frederick Harman Clark, the value of the estate being £73,562. The testator gives £2000 to his daughter Mrs. Florence Travers, in addition to £13,000 already settled on her; £100 to Frederick Harman Clark; £4000, all furniture, etc., in London and at Gloucester, the copyright of his works published by Longman and Co., and the income from his residuary estate, to his wife. On her decease, he gives his premises at Birchington, and £13,000 to his daughter Rosalind Frances, and the ultimate residue to his son.

The will (dated May 25, 1904) of MR. WILLIAM STAVERT, J.P., of Prizet, near Kendal, who died on Dec. 14, has been proved by Mrs. Julia Harriet Stavert, the widow, Frederick William Stavert, the son, Herbert John Brownell Stavert, the nephew, and Alexander Milne, the value of the estate being £108,958. The testator gives to his wife £200, and during her widowhood the use and enjoyment of his real property and an annuity of £1000, or £300 per annum should she again marry; to each other executor £50; and to Alicia Metcalfe £100. The residue of his estate he leaves to his

children, the share of his sons to be in the same proportion to the share of his daughters as three is to two.

The Will (dated Mar. 20, 1901) of MR. HENRY SAVORY WAY, of Portland House, 106, Tulse Hill, and late of 127, Cheapside, who died on Dec. 8, was proved on Jan. 30, by Henry Edward Way and Francis William Way, the sons, and Ernest Frank Donne, the value of the estate amounting to £138,695. The testator gives £100 each to his executors; £100 each to his daughters Helen Elizabeth and Emily Alice Donne; and his residence with the furniture and £300 to his daughters Isabella and Helen Elizabeth. His residuary estate is to be equally divided among his five children.

The will (made on Nov. 25, 1893) of COLONEL RICHARD WORSLEY WORSWICK, of Normanton Hall, Hinckley, Leicester, who died on Dec. 9 from the effects of a fall with the Atherston Hounds, has been proved by his widow, Mrs. Alicia Worswick, and Major William Worsley Worswick, the brother, the value of the real and personal estate being £141,866. The testator gives to his wife £2700, and such an annual sum as will make up her income to £1500, and she is to be at liberty to reside at Normanton Hall, and have the use of the effects there. All other his property he leaves to his brother.

The will (dated May 17, 1898) with two codicils, of COLONEL MONTAGUE CHARLES BROWNING, of 73, Grosvenor Street, and Brantham Court, Manningtree, Essex, who died on Dec. 9, has been proved by Captain Montague Edward Browning, R.N., and Frederick Henry

Browning, the sons, the value of the real and personal estate being £150,126. The testator gives to his wife £5000, the household furniture, and during her widowhood, £1500 per annum, or £750 a year should she again marry; £1000 each to his four children; £30,000 in trust for his daughter, and after the payment of a few legacies, the residue of his property to his three sons.

The will (dated May 15, 1905) of the REV. THOMAS BLUNDELL HOLLINGSHEAD BLUNDELL, of Halsall Rectory, near Ormskirk, Lancashire, who died on Nov. 1, has been proved by Colonel Henry Blundell Hollingshead Blundell, and Major-General Richard Blundell Hollingshead Blundell, the brothers, the value of the real and personal estate being £104,524. The testator settles the Ranacres and La Manda Estates, and the Rectory, with the gardens and lands, on his son Cuthbert; and he leaves the residue of his property between his son and two daughters, Muriel and Ethel.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1896) of the HON. CHARLOTTE DENMAN, of 8, Cranley Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Dec. 19, has been proved by George Lewis Denman, the son, and Richard Digby Cleasby, the value of the property being £29,489. The testatrix gives her leasehold residence, all paintings, and miniatures, and £2666 to her son, George Lewis; £2666, in trust, for each of her sons Francis Richard Amory, and Lancelot Bailie; £500 to her son Arthur; £300 to her daughter, Mrs. Grace Gambier Parry; and legacies to servants. The remainder of her effects she leaves to her children equally.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.